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THE POSITION OF THE MINISTRY.

AFTER a defeat so signal as that which the Ministry has sustained, it is natural to ask what is its position, and how it stands with regard to its supporters, its opponents, and the country. It is impossible that Conservatives generally should like their position. They feel happy when Mr. HARDY raises the old cries to which they are accustomed, and pleads for the old cause to which they fondly hope they are true. But they are not led by Mr. HARDY. Above the HOME SECRETARY are the PRIME MINISTER and Lord STANLEY, and the utterances of Mr. DISRAELI and Lord STANLEY about the Irish Church have not been quite what could have been wished. They have, indeed, both been true to their party, and have defended the Irish Church after a fashion, but their defence was not altogether right and sound and in the proper party strain, because it evidently came from men who thought the cause indefensible. General PEEL, Mr. HENLEY, and Lord CRANBORNE were the real Tories, and General PEEL more especially is still convinced that he did right in voting against Catholic Emancipation. He has forgotten nothing and learnt nothing in forty years, and is indisputably a true Old Blue. All these men have at one time or another quitted office because the Conservative Government to which they belonged was not Conservative enough for them. It does the Conservative party real good to hear such men talk, to hear their honest vigorous language, and to see Toryism avowed in the face of the world. But these men do not lead the Conservative party, nor does the Conservative party wish that they should lead it. If the country were at all Conservative, if it were frightened at the Reform Bill, if it rallied round the Irish Church, if it showed any strong feeling in favour of any single particle of the Conservative creed, then all would be different. Conservatives would wish to be led by Conservatives. They would call out against shams, and cleverness, and trimming, and would demand that bold and earnest Tories like Mr. HARDY and Lord CRANBORNE should lead them. But, as it is, they are cowed. They are fairly beaten by finding the country hopelessly liberal. There is no Toryism anywhere. Even English Bishops treat Irish Bishops as animals not worth getting out of a pit. The Conservative party, accordingly, when they hear a piece of bold Toryism announced, laugh and cheer and roar with delight, and vote the speaker a great man and the champion of a noble cause, and the life of the party; but a few minutes afterwards they begin to feel that this sort of thing will never do, and that they must trust to some one who will keep them nearer practical life. Accordingly, although they may distrust Mr. DISRAELI, and chuckle when Lord CRANBORNE makes a telling and sarcastic speech against him, they feel that they cannot really dispense with a man who fights their battles well, and who saves them from being too Conservative in an age when Conservatism is out of fashion. The defeat of the Government will do scarcely anything to shake the fidelity of its followers. They feel that it is, after all, the most Conservative Government that would have a chance of existing while the constituencies remain as they are. Perhaps the residuum may be really Tory, and may stand by the Irish Church, and love it, and think it a very just and dignified institution; but the present constituencies are by no means favourable to the Irish Church; and, therefore, whether there are majorities of sixty or more against it or not, the dignitaries and supporters of the Irish Church equally like the notion of getting themselves represented by members of the Cabinet whom they feel, with ample justice, they could trust not to be too violent and extreme.

The Opposition is triumphant, as it may be supposed, at the expense of the Ministry, for even his enemies must allow that

Mr. GLADSTONE has had a very great success. It is not only that he has collected together the whole Liberal party, with few and insignificant exceptions, and has shown how very inferior the strength of the Ministerial party is, but his supporters were for the most part in earnest, proud of his leadership and thankful for it, and thoroughly supported by their constituents. Few incidents can have been more gratifying to Mr. GLADSTONE than the instantaneous collapse of Mr. WATKIN when he tried to go into a little cave of his own, and was immediately dragged out of it by an indignant committee of his constituents. There is very much more heart about the Liberal party, in dealing with the Irish Church, than there was when they had to deal with Reform. The question they had to discuss with regard to Reform was whether it was wise, and there is a vast diversity of opinion as to what is wise. But the question they have to discuss with regard to the Irish Church is whether it is just, and the notion of committing anything approaching to an injustice in order to please ecclesiastical partisans is one that is eminently distasteful to the ordinary Liberal. The Ministers, therefore, are under this great disadvantage, that while they have to look to the support of a party hesitating, doubtful, apprehensive lest it should be deserting its principles, and apprehensive lest the spirit of the age may not lead them to desert their principles, they have to face opponents united, hearty, vigorous in their action, because their action is in harmony with the political principles which their party has learnt to think especially its own. And yet, at the same time, the Ministry has still a prospect of making a good fight. It can always expect to win when details come to be discussed. There is always a chance that the House, being cowed by statistics and weary of the whole subject of Ireland, may fall off from the standard of Mr. GLADSTONE; and such is their relative position, that it is a greater thing for Mr. DISRAELI to beat Mr. GLADSTONE in one encounter out of five, than it is for Mr. GLADSTONE to be triumphant in the other four. Unless he is very warmly and firmly supported, Mr. GLADSTONE may easily be driven into a corner. If he attempts to go too much into detail, he will be told that he is taking too much on himself, and is anticipating the work of the next Parliament. If he seems to shrink from going into detail, he will be said to be altogether vague and factious, and the spirit will be taken out of his Resolutions almost before the House has begun to discuss them seriously.

The Ministry, in one respect, stands especially well with the country, for no one wishes it to go out of office. Persons who look far ahead, and think of the ultimate effect which such a state of things may produce on the working of the Constitution, are filled with alarm at such an extraordinary phenomenon as a Conservative Government doing the work of the Liberals. But, as it goes on, the process, although it may be dangerous, is certainly not unpopular. The Conservative party likes being in office. The Liberal party at such a crisis gains greatly by being out of office; and those who belong to neither party are satisfied with the mode in which Lord STANLEY conducts our foreign affairs, and wish to avoid the waste of time which would be caused by a change of Ministry at a period of the Session when it is known tolerably well what pieces of legislation must be got through before Parliament is prorogued. It is not fair to say that the Ministry is a Ministry on sufferance. It is a Ministry established with the general assent of all parties. And certainly no one gains so much from its existence as its opponents gain. If the present Ministry really wished to save or help the Irish Church, the best thing they could do would be to resign. The Liberals, if in office, would have the utmost difficulty in agreeing what to do with the Irish Church. Their majority might easily be split up, and would be exposed to the greatest danger in face of the united body of the

Conservatives. The attack on the Irish Church is infinitely more effective than it would be if a Liberal Ministry were in office, and had to be responsible for all the mistakes that might be made. In order, therefore, to oblige every one, the Government may, it is to be hoped, last until next year brings a new Parliament with it. It seems so natural that a Conservative Ministry should be found passing numberless Bills under the dictation of the Liberals, that we have no idea of thinking worse of a man who has fallen in with the system, and keeps office under circumstances which theoretically are very anomalous. There was a time, it must be remembered, when, under the reign of PALMERSTON, Liberals stayed on in official life, and devoted themselves to carrying out a very Conservative policy. And in some measure the indifference or satisfaction with which the country watches the continuance of the present Ministry in office is due to the conviction that it can do no harm. The Liberal victory seems so great, and the appeal it has made to the nation so successful, that a Conservative Government cannot, it is thought, interfere with this success, or make things go less quietly 'or less readily in the direction in which it is desired they should go by the Liberal portions of the English and Scotch constituencies.

#### POLITICAL PARTIES.

THE time is fast approaching when parties will be redistributed under old or new designations. There will always be representatives both of resistance and of innovation, but the objects of popular attack may not improbably be the principles and institutions which have for two or three generations been identified with Liberalism. The classes which will soon be dominant have little sympathy with the freedom of personal action which, in all economical and political departments, has inspired modern legislation; and the zealous and narrow theorists who will probably be accepted as teachers by the sovereign multitude follow the chief of their sect in a leaning to democratic despotism. It is not improbable that the Conservatives will die out like the American Whigs, who had themselves at one time been the advocates of innovation; and it may be the destiny of the Liberals to undertake the duties of their former adversaries. For the present, the party which has governed England almost uninterruptedly for forty years enjoys the opportunity of postponing its abdication until it has achieved another crowning victory. The first Parliament elected by household suffrage will follow the Whig leaders in their assault on the Irish Church, as the recruits of 1792 commenced their campaigns under the veteran generals who had served in the Royal army of France. No other reform of pressing importance remains to be accomplished within the limits of the old constitutional tradition. Measures which tend to remodel the social condition of the country are repugnant to the tastes and convictions of English Liberals; but the abolition of the flagrant anomaly of the Irish Church is consistent with all their habits of thought, although they have hitherto shrunk from the enterprise. It is strange that the House of Commons should have passed a Reform Bill which it heartily disliked before it indulged itself in the congenial work of condemning the Irish Establishment. Lord RUSSELL and Mr. GLADSTONE would perhaps have inverted their course of policy, on their accession to office in 1865, if they had known that three-fourths of the majority which they inherited from Lord PALMERSTON was prepared to support a just and beneficial measure, while it hesitated to surrender the government of the country; yet it must be remembered that the division of the 3rd of April may have been affected by the impending appeal to the new constituency, and that Mr. DISRAELI has destroyed all faith in the Conservative party.

Mr. GLADSTONE, though he is not regarded as a skilful tactician, has once more placed himself at the head of an irresistible and united majority. It matters little that some of his supporters privately denounce his impetuosity, for the division list proves that the possible malcontents are afraid or unwilling to enrol themselves as seceders. Until the great object is attained there is no reason to apprehend any serious defection. The most embarrassing circumstance is to be found in the discreditable position of the Government under the tortuous management of Mr. DISRAELI, for it is not the immediate interest of Mr. GLADSTONE to succeed to office, and yet the temptation of displacing an imbecile antagonist may prove almost irresistible. A month ago the House of Commons would not have passed a vote of want of confidence with the avowed purpose of producing a change of Ministry; but a

debate in which Mr. HARDY replied to Lord STANLEY, while Mr. DISRAELI evaded the main subject of discussion, has already altered the general feeling. The Easter recess luckily affords an interval of reflection, and afterwards a week must be given to a Budget which will probably be unambitious, though the Abyssinian war must render it unsatisfactory. In the first days of May Mr. GLADSTONE'S Resolutions will be adopted by a reduced majority, after a fresh exposure of Ministerial blunders and dissensions. It remains to be seen whether Mr. DISRAELI will advise the Crown to assent to the introduction of a Bill for suspending the exercise of its ecclesiastical patronage in Ireland; and the further question will arise, whether the Ministers will support or oppose the measure in the House of Lords. A Government which controls neither policy nor legislation ought, as a general rule, to resign; but the Conservatives hold office for the last time, and they may affect to hope that the constituency which they have created will reward them by its support at the general election. The impossibility of immediate dissolution furnishes an excuse for tenacity, and perhaps Mr. DISRAELI may wish to force Mr. GLADSTONE into a contest on the simple issue whether there shall be a change of Administration.

The House of Commons would perhaps now be prepared formally to censure the Government, but it would resent the unnecessary demand for a party vote. The feeling that Mr. DISRAELI ought to receive a fair trial is not perhaps wholly exhausted; and it cannot be denied that he has been subjected to sudden and extreme pressure. When Mr. GLADSTONE gave notice of his Resolutions, the PRIME MINISTER may still have hoped to anticipate his opponent by undertaking, on his own behalf, the destruction of the Irish Church. He had not yet fully ascertained the extent of his loss in the retirement of Lord DERBY, whom he had long used as a lever to detach his party from their most deeply rooted prejudices. If he could have persuaded Lord DERBY to confiscate the endowments of the Irish Church, Lord DERBY would have convinced the Cabinet and the House of Lords; and, at the worst, Mr. DISRAELI might have excused his own inaction by the alleged necessity of deferring to the prejudices of his chief. Left to himself, and violently attacked before he was firm in his seat, he was compelled to vote with the mass of his colleagues, while he presented Lord STANLEY to the House as the organ of his genuine thoughts. Some of his opponents will not be unwilling to give him time to repair his defeat, or rather to break his fall. There is no administrative advantage to be gained by the removal of the actual heads of departments, nor can it be pretended that the advent of Mr. GLADSTONE to office is anticipated with extraordinary enthusiasm. The gain which a party is traditionally supposed to derive from the official manipulation of a general election is often exaggerated, and in the present instance it is entirely superfluous. The Liberals and ultra-Liberals will in all probability have a great majority in the future Parliament; and if their success had been previously doubtful, the projected abolition of the Irish Church will supply a test for candidates and parties which will prevent any dissipation of force. A change of Government in May would waste the remainder of a Session which has from the beginning been singularly barren. The present Government may perhaps carry two or three useful measures of minor importance, but even Mr. GLADSTONE'S activity would be unequal to the task of extemporaneous legislation.

The abolition of the greatest of existing abuses will perhaps be the last of the long series of beneficent measures which began with the Reform Bill of 1832. Commercial reform, indeed, originated with Sir ROBERT PEEL, and it was consummated by his legitimate successor with comparatively little aid from the hereditary Whigs; but Free-trade is commonly and rightly considered as the most complete application of liberal doctrines. The distribution of ecclesiastical endowments among the different religious communities in Ireland, according to the plan of Lord RUSSELL and Lord GREY, would have been perfectly consistent with the principles of their party; but, as the scheme was impracticable, total abolition was recognised as the necessary alternative by an overwhelming majority in the House of Commons. While the respectable remnant of Conservatism is dying down in the socket, Liberalism may perhaps be destined to expire in a final blaze. Democratic theories move in a different plane from the reforms of the past generation; but the removal of the most plausible pretext for Irish discontent will be a worthy termination of a great career. Material evils seldom admit of a perfect cure; but relief from a just cause of offence, or, as it is called, from a sentimental grievance, is complete and final.



Mr. GLADSTONE entered late into the rear-rank of the Liberal party, and perhaps he will pass out at the front. He has never been heartily welcomed by his regular allies, who distrusted him formerly on the suspicion that he might still be a Conservative, and of late, because he displayed uncertain or revolutionary inclinations. While he was still a colleague of Lord PALMERSTON he announced himself as the future assailant of the Irish Church, and as the advocate of democratic reform. His capacity of assimilating novelties is perhaps still imperfectly developed, and his impulsive receptivity and credulity command popular sympathy. Although Mr. DISRAELI was, before his recent blunders, the favourite of the House of Commons, Mr. GLADSTONE's influence in the country is incomparably greater. He is more independent, because he is more indispensable to his party; and it is not improbable that his personal power may survive the political organization of his present followers. No statesman of the same rank has ever possessed an equal facility of identifying himself with successive and unforeseen causes of agitation.

#### THE DEBATE AND THE DIVISION.

MR. DISRAELI spoke under great difficulties at the close of the long Irish debate, and it is not saying much against him to say that those difficulties fairly overcame him. Occasionally he made a happy hit, and there was much in his speech that had at least this amount of interest in it, that it could not have come from any one else. But, as the larger portion of what was original and peculiar in his speech consisted of wearisome and irrelevant paradoxes, the interest it excited was not very great. At the close he became perfectly dithyrambic, and although the tender courtesy of reporters gave a greater form and meaning to these dithyrambs than accuracy might have warranted, yet they were very Pindaric. The notion that Mr. GLADSTONE was a sort of fiend, bully, and Jesuit, who would keep on persecuting him, and whom he must combat under great disadvantages and with a very clouded perception of events and possibilities, seemed to haunt him, and at last to master him, and sting him with a new sense of torture. That Mr. GLADSTONE was the head of a conspiracy of Ritualists and Papists, bent on getting rid of the QUEEN, was a fancy which we should have thought beyond the wildest dreams of Mr. WHALLEY. Even in the more collected parts of his speech, he outdid the worst paradoxes of his worst novels. Among these paradoxes were the three following—that history shows that, whenever a Church has been plundered, it has invariably been to enrich an oligarchy; that Ireland has no more been conquered than England has been; and that all intelligent men believe in a divine right of government, meaning thereby the choice by the State of some sect, however small, to work with it and make it religious. History shows a great many queer things, but she can scarcely hope to show anything so glaringly in contradiction to the recent experience of Spain, France, Italy, and Mexico, as that the possessions of a Church which is robbed always pass into the hands of oligarchs. If it were only oligarchs that would buy up the secularized Church lands of Italy, the unhappy Italian MINISTER OF FINANCE would indeed have a hopeless prospect before him. Fallacies like this about oligarchs and Church lands do not do much harm, and they hurt the feelings of no one; but it must be a little irritating to Irishmen to hear that they were no more conquered by WILLIAM III. than the English were, and were no worse treated by those that conquered them. Why some nations feel deeply the misery of being conquered and others do not, and whether the treatment of the conquered by the conquerors is the reason of the difference, it is most difficult to say. The Welsh seem to have been tolerably well treated by the English, and yet the Welsh have to this day a most keen sense of being a conquered race, and an undying antipathy to the English, although it does not take a very active form. The paradox about the Church and State was, however, perhaps at once the one most characteristic of the speaker and the most whimsical. It is not the Church that is in danger, Mr. DISRAELI said; it is the State. The State is in danger of ceasing to be religious. For the only way in which a State can be religious is to pick out some sect and make an Established Church of it. It does not signify whether the sect is small or large. It may be the Church of the most insignificant minority. Nor has truth anything to do with it, for the State, if it pleases, can attain the same end by establishing any number of sects it pleases; but it must pick out at least one little sect, and pay it, and honour it, and

then it will be religious and civilized, and able to reform criminals, and will not be merely a machinery of police and taxation. The State has picked out a very small sect in Ireland, but the principle is all the same, and the effect is equally to make the Government of England and Ireland religious.

A cause defended in this way was evidently a very weak and a manifestly falling cause. The division could scarcely have done more to discourage Irish Protestants than was done by the speech of the PRIME MINISTER, and Mr. GLADSTONE had a very easy task when he proceeded to expose its sophisms and laugh at its many absurdities. It was a more important and a much more difficult matter when he undertook to deduce from the varying declarations of the Ministerial leaders some kind of policy, with regard to the Irish Church, in which they would all agree. He thought, and he was probably right in thinking, that they all would agree in giving endowments to all religious sects in Ireland. The Wenham Lake ice of Lord STANLEY and the Vesuvian lava of Mr. HARDY might meet and flourish together on this common ground. If this was the policy of the Ministry—and there can be no question that, so far as they have a policy, and so far as they have not been frightened out of it, this was and is their policy—then a clear issue was raised. Shall the Irish Church be dealt with as a condemned institution, or shall it be kept intact, but the money of the State be paid freely to Presbyterians and Catholics, until they are so well satisfied with their own position as not to grumble any longer at the superior position of the Established Church? Supposing the question were one of mere abstract argument, undoubtedly much might be said on both sides, but in point of fact there is no good arguing in favour of endowing Roman Catholics. Ireland does not at all relish the plan, England is indifferent to it or else openly hostile, and Scotland positively detests it. There is no room left for palliatives or correctives of this sort. The simple issue must be the one presented to the House of Commons last Saturday morning—Shall the Irish Church stand or fall? Mr. DISRAELI said a little, but not very much, about the redistribution within its own pale of the temporalities of the Irish Church. He tried to make out that the wish to reform the Irish Church was one of the many motives that prompted the Ministry to confide the task of moving an amendment to Lord STANLEY, who expressly said that such a redistribution would not at all touch the main difficulty. In the latter part of the debate it was no use recurring to the subject of this redistribution; for the issue which the House had to decide had at last been put too plainly before it for any one to ride off on this small byway of redistribution. And it was quite out of Mr. DISRAELI's line to lay much stress on any re-organization of the Irish Church. What he prized it for was that it made the Irish Government divine, and this happy consequence was neither to be made nor marred by giving any particular clergyman more or less money. On the issue thus raised, Mr. GLADSTONE knew, from the temper of the House and the whole tone of the debate, that he was going to be successful, and his most serious duty was to tranquillize the fears of his supporters, and to show that he was not carrying them too far. They had no apprehensions lest the Resolutions should mean too little, and amount to a mere paper declaration of a purposeless and unpractical sentiment. What they feared was that Mr. GLADSTONE might be taking too much on himself, and committing the House too deeply.

There was some reason to think this, for although Mr. GLADSTONE stated that his Resolutions did not mean to arrest the action of constituted legal powers on the sole authority of the House of Commons, yet, if they did not mean this, it would be interesting to know what they did mean. When the Resolutions come to be debated, they will be subject to criticism sharp enough to ensure that their exact import shall be known. The overwhelming majority against the Government on Lord STANLEY's amendment marks only the first stage in a long discussion. But it marks a stage that will determine the character of all the rest. The House of Commons, with the assent of the country, with the passive acquiescence of the Church in England, with but a very faint and divided resistance on the part of the Church in Ireland, has pronounced that the Irish Church must come to an end as an Established and specially endowed body. No doubt many men who voted with the majority regretted having to come to any decision. Very many objected to the course taken by Mr. GLADSTONE, and condemned what they thought a party move. Both inside and outside of the House moderate men can see that large issues of a very delicate and disagreeable kind are involved

in the downfall of the Irish Church. That Church cannot be the same after it has ceased to be under the control of the State as it is now; and in these days a large number of educated Englishmen see in the control of the State the best safeguard they can have against the triumphs of ecclesiastical ignorance and the sallies of ecclesiastical injustice. The Church may be as strong, or even stronger, when it is separated from the State. It may have more fervour, more life, more zeal in it, but it is likely to lose the qualities which those who like it because it is established prize most in it. Moderation, learning, justice, candour, ecclesiastical greatness of a secular type, not ecclesiastical pettiness of a very ecclesiastical type, are the virtues that blossom while the State and the Church grow together under circumstances so favourable as obtain in England. No one who has no party object to serve, and no hesitating audience to convince, can feel any very great doubt as to the effect on the Church of England of disendowing the Irish Church; and many who see clearly what the effect will be, and regret it, feel obliged to range themselves on the side of those who wish the Church to be disendowed. There may be many reasons to hesitate, and many reasons to dislike the subject, and to shrink from pronouncing an opinion on it; but when an answer must be given one way or the other, and men have to ask themselves whether they will really take the responsibility of keeping up the Irish Church, with all its painful consequences and all its irritating memories, they shrink from what seems to be the greater, the more intolerable, and the more permanent evil, and reply that, whatever may happen, they cannot be parties to such an injustice. This is the real explanation of the immense majority against the Government, and of the great satisfaction with which the decision of the House has been received in the country. The issue was at once simple and inevitable. A decision one way or the other had to be made; and, having to be made, it was a good thing that it should be made in a form so clear and unmistakeable as a majority of sixty against the Government.

#### THE IMPEACHMENT OF PRESIDENT JOHNSON.

THE Senate of the United States, acting as a High Court of Justice, will probably convict the PRESIDENT of the charges which have been preferred by the House of Representatives. After an unsuccessful attempt to obtain a delay of a month, which would have deprived the Republicans of a part of the object of the impeachment, the PRESIDENT's counsel handed in a voluminous and well-drawn set of pleas containing the substantial answer to the charges. The removal of Mr. STANTON is justified partly on the technical ground that his appointment by Mr. LINCOLN excluded him from the purview of the Tenure of Office Act, and it is further contended that the Act itself is void, as inconsistent with the spirit and meaning of the Constitution. The first Congress, in its first Session, passed an Act to regulate the appointment of Ministers, who were to receive the directions of the PRESIDENT; and there can be little doubt that the new-born Legislature faithfully interpreted the intentions of the framers of the Constitution. It has ever since been held that the PRESIDENT had the power of dismissing his Ministers; and, according to Mr. JOHNSON's statement, Mr. STANTON himself officially concurred in the same opinion. The difference between the Executive and the Legislature could only be solved by the judgment of the Supreme Court, and, in dismissing the SECRETARY for WAR, Mr. JOHNSON took the only course by which a decision could be obtained. The temporary appointment of General LORENZO THOMAS to take charge of the War Office was in strict conformity with the letter of the law. The charge founded on the PRESIDENT's conversation with General EMORY is directly traversed by the plea, and it will be conclusively disproved by the only possible witness. The speeches delivered at Washington and on the tour to Chicago are less defensible, but the PRESIDENT relies on the right of every American citizen to deliver his opinions in public; and, if such a suggestion had been decorous, he might have added that the privilege of unlimited verbal license is universally exercised by the leaders and members of every political party. The managers on the following day filed a short replication, reaffirming the guilt of the PRESIDENT on all the charges; and consequently the Senate has to try the general issue of guilty or not guilty, which is the proper mode of summing up every series of criminal pleadings. The promoters of the impeachment have the advantage of a friendly tribunal, where the majority of judges have a political interest in a conviction.

The popular excitement appears wholly to have died away, and it is universally understood that, under the guise of a criminal proceeding, the managers are only using constitutional forms to relieve themselves of a political adversary. Mr. BUTLER and Mr. BOUTWELL proposed the impeachment long before the performance of the acts on which the present charges are principally founded.

The candid partisanship both of Republicans and of Democrats is curiously illustrated by their sudden interest in the conduct of the CHIEF JUSTICE. Mr. CHASE has properly abstained from prejudging the acts of Mr. JOHNSON; and he has insisted, with praiseworthy firmness, on the duty of proceeding with judicial dignity and calmness. In deference to his opinion the Senate withdrew and re-enacted the code of rules which had been adopted before the High Court was formally constituted, and a majority has sustained the claim of the presiding officer to decide questions of law. High judicial functionaries probably prefer, in America as in Europe, the due discharge of their proper functions to any political result which may follow from special decisions. To account for Mr. CHASE's anxiety to conduct the impeachment with justice and propriety, it seems only necessary to consider that he is a Judge of great reputation, and of the highest rank; but the politicians of both parties instinctively assume that no man can act rightly except under the influence of wrong motives. Because the CHIEF JUSTICE is not as violent as Mr. STEVENS, or as coarse as Mr. BUTLER, the Republicans already denounce him as an apostate, and the Democrats welcome him as a convert. Only a few weeks have passed since Mr. CHASE was the favourite candidate of the extreme Republicans for the Presidency; and now it is said that he may, at his pleasure, receive the Democratic nomination; yet he has done nothing to repel or to win the confidence of either faction, except that he has begun to discharge his duty as President of the Senate with propriety and impartiality. Since his promotion to the bench of the Supreme Court, Mr. CHASE has incurred merited censure by engaging in political agitation for the establishment of negro suffrage. He has since neither recanted his opinions nor expressed regret for his activity as a politician, and yet the noisiest of his recent admirers threaten him with impeachment. It is intolerable to Mr. JOHNSON's prosecutors that he should be even convicted without some violation of the forms of justice which might gratify their feelings of animosity. The CHIEF JUSTICE will exercise only a moral control over the vote of the Senate; and, except in the clearest demonstration of the innocence of the PRESIDENT, it is known that acquittal is impossible. The weight of the verdict will certainly not be diminished by a decorous trial; but the followers of Mr. BUTLER wish to be revenged, and not to be justified. The Democratic professions of confidence in the CHIEF JUSTICE are perhaps only intended to provoke the Republicans into further extravagance. As the managers of the impeachment have closed their case, few legal questions can have required the authoritative decision of the CHIEF JUSTICE. The greater part of the charges were supported by documentary evidence, as far as the facts were disputed; nor can any legal controversy have arisen on the reception of the shorthand reports of the PRESIDENT's speeches. The answer which will serve as a text for the speeches of the counsel for the defence was virtually a demurrer; and it will be for the Senate, and not for the presiding officer, to determine whether it is a high crime and misdemeanour in a President to talk vulgar nonsense, without attempting to realize offensive paradoxes in practice. The same President who told the rabble that Congress was a usurping body constantly sent formal messages to both Houses, and returned the Bills which were forwarded to him in regular course, with his veto or approval. The younger son in the parable was not impeached for protesting that he would not work in the garden. The opinion of the CHIEF JUSTICE on the effect and on the validity of the Tenure of Office Act will be weighty, but not conclusive. There is nothing to prevent the Senate from voting in contravention of unpalatable advice, as a jury paramount over, not only the facts, but the law.

On the deposition of the PRESIDENT, Mr. WADE will succeed to his office for the remainder of his term. He was placed in the chair of the Senate in anticipation of the contingency which has occurred, when the Republican party thought it probable or possible that Mr. JOHNSON might resist a legal removal by force. Mr. WADE was believed to be rough, fearless, and unscrupulous, and he was trusted not to shrink from the possible struggle. His fitness to hold the highest post in the Republic was probably not taken into consideration; but there has been a gradual change in public opinion



on the importance of regarding the personal qualifications of high functionaries. The training of an educated man and the manners of a gentleman seem to be emerging from temporary disrepute, and public writers command attention when they suggest that it is not a recommendation of democracy to represent it as repugnant to knowledge and refinement. General JACKSON's oaths and expletives did much to corrupt the public taste, for every brawling demagogue was proud of the political success of an adventurer as unpolished as himself. Mr. LINCOLN's virtues cannot be said, like CÆSAR's, to have undone his country, but they strengthened the prevailing prejudice against the conformity of political rank with social order. The country discovered that an ungrammatical mechanic could grow, after an apprenticeship of two or three years, into an able man, much more honest than his teachers; and the multitude gladly inferred that the traditional accomplishments of a statesman were superfluous, and probably mischievous. The succession of a political agitator who had once been a journeyman tailor was welcomed with enthusiasm; and during his first year of office, Mr. JOHNSON was embarrassed by the rival adulation of both the contending factions. His popularity was increased by his high-handed disregard of law during his administration in Tennessee, which has ever since remained the most anarchical State in the Union. His conduct, like that of his predecessor, has since been unexpectedly honest; but a total want of tact and temper has involved him in incessant quarrels; and many of his more moderate opponents anticipate with uneasiness the accession to office of a third President chosen from the ruder classes of the community. Mr. WADE probably meant little or nothing when he lately delivered a speech against the institution of property, and the profane phrases which are eagerly repeated by his admirers offend against taste rather than against morality; but the chief of a great nation ought to have cultivated reserve, self-respect, and prudence. Mr. WADE's political allies regard him chiefly as a useful election agent, who will use the vast patronage belonging to the PRESIDENT in support of the Republican nomination. The Presidential election will be one of the least exciting on record, as there is little doubt that General GRANT will be chosen by a decisive majority. Mr. CHASE, who was his most formidable competitor in his own party, has now offended the violent section; and the Democrats will have great difficulty in agreeing on a popular candidate. In the Eastern States the party is not unanimous in favour of repudiation; and some of their principal leaders made themselves unpopular by opposition to the war. Their safest choice would perhaps be some general who has taken little part in politics; but an officer of secondary position would be overshadowed by the military reputation of GRANT. In default of a reaction against the recent encroachment of Congress, it perhaps matters little whether a President deprived of his chief prerogatives, and liable to impeachment on political grounds, is a competent statesman.

#### THE TWO LEADERS.

LORD LINDSAY some years ago wrote a book, not destitute of merit, in which he elaborated a theory announced by the title *Progression by Antagonism*. As far as we remember, its object was to show that success depended on the counteracting results of opposite failures, and that from the conflict of rival forces a result in the right direction was gained. This view the accomplished author applied to moral and theological matters; but it is plain that, if good for anything, the theory might account for progress in almost everything. Some such *rationale* might just now be tried on politics and political leaders. Mr. DISRAELI and Mr. GLADSTONE, in their antagonism, assist in advancing things generally; and what is true of their reciprocal action on public affairs, and of their action on each other, may perhaps be true as applied to their careers in their separate action each on himself. That is to say, what Mr. DISRAELI generally is to Mr. GLADSTONE generally, the Mr. DISRAELI of the past may be to the Mr. DISRAELI of the present; and so also the Mr. GLADSTONE historical may be to the Mr. GLADSTONE actual. If all this looks like subtlety and excessive refinement, we must remember that the subject-matter is subtle and refined. Hard questions, as Dr. NEWMAN once observed, must expect to be met with crabbed and difficult answers. Neither Mr. DISRAELI nor Mr. GLADSTONE is easy to explain.

First, let us take the past aspect of our rival political leaders towards the Irish Church, the subject with which, as of pressing interest, we are most concerned. For all practical purposes we are most of us convinced that there is a real

agreement between Mr. DISRAELI and Mr. GLADSTONE. In their heart of hearts they have no great difference on the only point worth considering, that the Establishment must go and ought to go. Years ago, as Mr. GLADSTONE said, he came to this conclusion, but kept it to himself; now he avows it. Years ago it is proved against Mr. DISRAELI that he must have come to this conclusion, and that he did not keep it to himself, but openly declared that "the system which could not bear discussion is doomed;" but now he evades the conclusion by characterizing his old utterances as "gangway rhetoric." This is certainly an apt illustration of progression by antagonism. Mr. GLADSTONE was convinced, and never acted upon his convictions; Mr. DISRAELI was convinced, and never acted upon his convictions. So far there is not a pin to choose between them. Whatever reasons may justify or condemn this reticence—or, as they say, this economy of reserve—on one side, may justify it on the other. At any rate, so far the mansions at Grosvenor Gate and on Carlton Terrace are of equally brittle glass. What we are most concerned with in estimating the character—that is, the statesmanship—of the two men, is the consideration what justification can be pleaded by Mr. GLADSTONE for his sudden and unexpected avowal of his cherished and secret convictions; what apology or vindication can be offered by Mr. DISRAELI for his continued reserve. And here, again, there seems to be very little to choose. The exigencies of party rather than the behests of patriotism form, not the highest and the most picturesque, but the most practical, account of the matter. Mr. GLADSTONE finds it convenient to be candid, because he is not in office; and Mr. DISRAELI finds it convenient to keep his convictions to himself a little longer because he is in office. Had Mr. GLADSTONE been Premier, it is very improbable that he would have moved his Resolutions from the Treasury Bench; and Mr. DISRAELI, the head of the goats on the SPEAKER's left hand, would have confined himself to safe platitudes, and would never have come forward either as the champion or the assailant of the divine character of the State. But further. If, as we are quite convinced, Mr. GLADSTONE's present convictions are deep and sincere, and if he can account for and defend this sudden revolution in his inner mind, why should he and his eulogists be so very angry with Mr. DISRAELI on the matter of Reform? Mr. DISRAELI had been for years—so he boasts—convinced that Household Suffrage was the right thing, and whether he was educating, or suffering events to educate, his party, is immaterial; anyhow he had a clear view as to the political necessity, but he kept it to himself, and then suddenly avowed it, and placed himself at the head of a revolution. *Mutatis mutandis*, this exactly describes Mr. GLADSTONE and his relations towards the Irish Church. He too was convinced, was for years convinced, yet he remained austere silent; he had convictions, but concealed them. All of a sudden he sprang a mine on his own followers; for whatever astonishment must have possessed Tory souls when they were assured that they had for years been holding one of the points of the Charter without knowing it, equal surprise must have been felt by Liberals when, at a week's notice, they were summoned to make an organic change of unforeseen and incalculable importance. The one is quite as much a leap in the dark as the other. Either course may be high statesmanship, may be perfidy, may be a politic and most justifiable yielding to imperative circumstances; but what is true of one is true of the other; or, if it is not, it will be very hard for those who adopt it in one case to convict those who adopt it in the other of a high crime and misdemeanour in politics. A snow-storm in July equally describes Mr. DISRAELI legislating for household suffrage, and Mr. GLADSTONE carrying the disestablishment of the Irish Church. Neither the country nor the House of Commons was prepared either to carry or to canvass either revolution; the evils attendant on legislation extemporized by panic, or managed by deceit, attach to the Tory Reform Bill, and to the disestablishing Resolutions, equally and impartially. We do not for a moment say that, as measures, both the Reform Act and Disestablishment are not perfectly justifiable and defensible; we go further, and contend that they are right. But as to the mode of carrying them, whatever can be said for or against one leader and author can be said for or against the other.

The most solid justification for Mr. GLADSTONE is that he only retaliates on Mr. DISRAELI his own policy. Mr. DISRAELI not only demoralized his own party, but debauched the public conscience, by his conduct of Reform; and Mr. GLADSTONE may feel that it is useless to treat those who have lost their virtue as though they were pure and unsullied. If true, this is not pleasant; and it would be well if we could assure our-

selves that it is not true. If all confidence in public men has been destroyed by the events of last Session, it is but a small consolation to those who believe in the virtue of good government to be told that Mr. DISRAELI set a precedent which Mr. GLADSTONE has now felt himself bound to follow. *Delirant reges*.—Yes; but the important matter is, not to assign priority in political faults, but to think of ourselves. What of the *plectuntur Achivi*? What of the future of English Government if it is to be subject to these violent shocks and surprises? It may be said that, if ever questions were ripe, those of Parliamentary Reform and the Irish Church have been long enough before the public conscience. But there is this difference. Reform was well known beforehand to be the appointed work of the last Session. Six months, three months, six weeks, three weeks, before Parliament reassembled in February, the Irish Church was not so prominently before people's thoughts as Bankruptcy Reform. So far the cases are not parallel. Reform, too, came before Parliament under responsible auspices. There was a Government scheme and Bill; as things turned out, there were half a dozen Government schemes. But the Irish Church has been disposed of by an abstract Resolution, moved by the Opposition, without any responsibilities or duties towards the question, and accepted in the simplicity of ignorance. It used to be thought the very first element of statesmanship to deal with a whole question—not only to pluck out a vice, but to implant a virtue. When the monasteries were destroyed, the statesmen of the day came forward with a plan—whether it was carried out or not is not the point—for disposing of the spoil. When the last Irish Church Reform was floated, the Appropriation Clause and its memories bear witness at least to an attempt to utilize the spoil. But here we have something like the luxury, and almost the wantonness, of destruction; and for the first time in our political history we have committed ourselves to an irrevocable step without demanding of those who have forced us into it any enlightenment as to their next step. Like FRANKENSTEIN, we have got a very inconvenient creation in this Disestablishment, and now nobody seems to know whether it will turn out demi-god or fiend. If this is statesmanship, it is statesmanship such as we have not been accustomed to. That a thing is right in itself and ought to be done, and may in the end even act well, is no reason why it should be done in this way. And, man for man, and measure for measure, our two leaders, on these two matters of Reform and Disestablishment, have little upon which to congratulate either, much upon which to condole with the country.

#### ENGLISH POLICY IN THE EAST.

THE Duke of ARGYLL, who apparently aspires to the lead of the Liberal party in the House of Lords, lately took the opportunity of a motion of Lord STRATHEDEN's to criticize Lord STANLEY's strict neutrality in the Cretan insurrection. The Duke was answered by two of his former colleagues, Lord RUSSELL and Lord KIMBERLEY, as well as by the nominal representative of the Government, and it seemed to be the deliberate judgment of the House of Lords that the Foreign Minister had been justified both in his refusal to concur in the officious remonstrances of the other Powers, and in the absolute inaction which he imposed on the English fleet. The removal of women and children by neutral vessels of war may in one sense be regarded as an act of humanity; but, as Lord RUSSELL justly remarked, a proceeding which relieves the insurgents from a natural incumbrance may probably tend to prolong the war, with its attendant evils. No really independent State would tolerate the benevolent interference of patrons who from time to time almost assumed the character of enemies. The Turks would long ago have attacked the Greek blockade-runners in the harbour of the Piræus, but for the fear of offending the Powers which exercise a protectorate both over Turkey and over Greece; and if the Cretan mountaineers had been compelled to provide for the safety of their non-combatants, they would perhaps have accepted the not illiberal terms of pacification which have been repeatedly offered by the Porte. Nothing can be more capricious than the law of neutrality, as it is illustrated by ordinary practice and by occasional theory. The Duke of ARGYLL recommends, as against Turkish belligerents, a system of meddling which, if it had been attempted in favour of the American Confederates, would have produced an immediate declaration of war on the part of the United States. He is undoubtedly entitled to argue that the Powers which defended Turkey against Russia have a

claim to the deference of a Government which may hereafter, as in former times, depend on their good offices for existence; but in affording modified support to the rebellion of Turkish subjects France has strained the bond of gratitude, and there is no reason to regret that England has not followed the anomalous example. The Cretans themselves have not derived benefit from an intervention which was necessarily incomplete. The admission of Turkey into the European system, by the Treaty of 1856, implied an undertaking on the part of the contracting Powers to discharge the ordinary obligations of good neighbourhood. It might have been desirable that Crete should be detached from Turkey, and annexed to Greece; but, as no such territorial change was adopted or proposed, the Porte must be admitted to possess the legal right of suppressing insurrection in the island as fully as in the continental provinces.

During the last year Russia, England, and Greece have pursued a consistent and intelligible course, although England alone has conformed to the recognised maxims of international law. Ostentatious insincerity almost loses the character of fraud, especially when it partakes of violence. The late communications of Russia with the Turkish Government have been as menacing as the language of Prince MENSHIKOFF on the eve of the war of 1853; and conventional phrases of diplomatic friendship have been always accompanied by glosses which may acquit the future aggressor of any charge of deception. It has been notorious that Russia favoured the Cretan insurrection, and the aggrandizement of the dynasty which now reigns at Athens. The Russian Admiral has more than once protected the blockade-runners by his movements, and his official despatches are, under superior inspiration, always full of sympathy for the persecuted Christians. The adoption of Russian advice would have established a precedent for successful revolt in all other parts of the Empire. Intercourse with an avowed enemy during a truce is not always pleasant, but it is comparatively simple and unembarrassing. The Greeks have, since the beginning of the insurrection, been even more candid than the Russians, as the sympathy which they have exhibited to the insurgents has not been even professedly disinterested. Friendship for kinsmen and co-religionists has been identified with a desire for the acquisition of territory; and, instead of merely relieving the insurgents from the charge of their women and children, Greek vessels have incessantly plied between the ports of the kingdom and the island with food, with warlike stores, and with reinforcements. Confident in security from retaliation, the Greek Government has scarcely troubled itself to affect neutrality; or, if foreign remonstrances have become pressing, its own internal weakness has supplied an apology for the tolerated excesses of subjects unaccustomed to the restraints of law. A severe moralist may perhaps condemn the irregularities of Greek policy, but politicians can scarcely maintain that the ambitious projects of the Government and people are either inexcusable or hopeless.

France and Austria, after much vacillation, have alternately furnished the best justification for the consistent policy of England. A year ago, the French Government, in anticipation of a war with Prussia, was courting the friendship of Russia, and Baron BEUST was credulous enough to believe that Russian exigencies would be satisfied by the abandonment of the restrictions which were imposed by the Treaty of Paris. Austria, for a time, joined in the demand for Cretan autonomy; and the French FOREIGN MINISTER for many months naturally addressed the Porte in the tone of an irritable schoolmaster. The refusal of England to concur in an anti-Turkish policy induced Austria to withdraw from further pressure; while France—followed, not long before the battle of Mentana, by Italy—joined Russia and Prussia in addressing a Note to the Porte, which, if it had been written with any common and definite purpose, would have portended an immediate rupture. When the risk of a German war had passed away, France, like Austria, reverted to the normal policy from which England had never deviated; and the Russian Minister amused himself at the expense of his fickle ally by parodying, in the official journals, the whimsical recommendations which M. DE MOUSTIER had addressed to the Porte on the subject of female education. There is, in truth, no intermediate policy between interference in Eastern affairs and genuine neutrality. It might possibly be desirable that the Christian inhabitants of the Turkish provinces should expel or exterminate their Mahometan neighbours, and the aid which Russia would gladly afford to the enterprise would be prompted by intelligible motives. The Western Powers, on the other hand, are not prepared to become



accomplices in a revolution which they are not required by any duty to promote, and which would lead to consequences at present incalculable. A Turkish insurrection might in itself be regarded by Austria with indifference; but the inevitable participation of Russia in the undertaking would involve ruinous danger. It is, therefore, the true policy of England and France, as it is the obvious interest of Austria, neither to encourage rebellion in Turkey, nor to allow Russia to interfere. In any indigenous conflict foreign Powers have no direct concern, although prudent statesmen desire that the relative positions of the various races should be determined by natural growth and peaceful competition rather than by civil war, which would probably degenerate into chronic anarchy.

LORD STANLEY has preferred the true solution of a preliminary and easy problem; and indeed his success as Foreign Minister may in some degree be attributed to a combination of circumstances which has rendered it expedient to do nothing. The first aggressive movement of Russia will require a more positive exercise of discretion; and perhaps LORD STANLEY may be equal to the occasion, more especially if he remembers the disastrous effect of the confidence reposed by the Emperor NICHOLAS in the pacific endurance of Lord ABERDEEN. But LORD STANLEY may perhaps be no longer in office when the crisis occurs, and it is not impossible that he may be succeeded by his recent critic. The Duke of ARGYLL, like LORD STANLEY, is full of information, industrious, and calm in temper; and he is united to Mr. GLADSTONE, who will have the disposal of office, in close political intimacy. Like his chief, he has sometimes displayed symptoms of unsoundness on questions of Eastern policy, though he is probably not influenced by fantastic sympathies for the Orthodox Church. As far as he differed from LORD RUSSELL in the recent conversation on the affairs of Crete, the veteran representative of the traditional policy of the Foreign Office was more in the right than the doctrinal philanthropist or political free-thinker. The preservation of peace in the only quarter from which war is ordinarily to be apprehended is one of the most urgent of English duties; and with the comparative merits of Greeks, of Slavians, and of Turks, England has little concern. The Duke of ARGYLL made an unnecessary admission, to the detriment of the cause which he supports, when he asserted that the Government of Athens had no right to annex Crete, because it had not made roads or suppressed highway robbery. Greece has no right to Crete, because Crete, legally belonging to Turkey, cannot be transferred to Greece without an unjust and dangerous foreign intervention. If the Greeks like to clamber over rocks instead of driving along macadamized roads, or if they have no objection to being robbed and murdered, their peculiarity of taste is their own affair. The Cretan mountaineers, if they became subjects of the King of GREECE, would readily tolerate the absence of rural policemen and highway surveyors.

#### THE PEERAGE.

IT is not surprising that the debate on proxies in the House of Lords should have suggested to many minds a wider field of contemplation than the immediate subject at issue. It may or may not be that the discontinuance of proxies and an earlier hour of meeting will enable the House of Lords to justify its legislative precedence in the eyes of the country. This is by itself not an indifferent, but a secondary, question. The wider, more important, and more interesting questions are—Will the House of Lords be allowed to retain its legislative powers; and if it does not, will it continue to hold its social power and precedence?

There can be no doubt but that there is a strong current of opinion set in against the theory of privileges. The current is, indeed, rather strong than broad; it is narrow, and, in proportion to its narrowness, is vehement. It is not the opinion of the masses, for the masses do not think; and opinion is the product of reflection, not of impulse or sentiment. It is rather the opinion of abstract thinkers, and even with their opinion there is a good deal of feeling mixed up. To the masses there is as yet nothing very objectionable in the House of Lords. A few leading politicians among the journeymen tailors and cobblers may burn with a democratic hatred of titles, and may echo the teaching of their newspapers in denouncing both the legislative and the social dignity of the Peers. But up to this time it would be untrue to say that, out of the political cliques of the operative classes in London and one or two large towns, there is any strong, articulate, and defined dislike of the

Peerage as an institution. Indeed, no small part of the lower stratum of the middle-class and the upper stratum of the lower-class—that semi-Bohemian portion of the British public which frequents the Turf, reads sporting journals, and bets on dark horses—rather likes lords than otherwise. It associates them with some manly sports, and with other sports which are not manly. It associates them with a "jolly" enjoyment of life, and a reckless prodigality of money. It is quite another and a more solid class of persons which really dislikes the Peerage. Its most cordial haters are to be found amongst those who tread, not closely, but still not remotely, on its heels; among men who were reared in spheres not widely apart, under conditions not very dissimilar, and with academical associations almost identical. It is on such men that the blaze of the Peerage strikes down with oppressive and intolerable glare. It is by such men that its dignity and its exclusiveness are most keenly and intensely felt. It is they who realize most accurately the enormous distance which hereditary rank places between those who have it and those who have it not. The man who has sat on the same form at school, and in the same lecture-room at college, with the young peer, finds that his sometime companion has a start of full thirty years in the race of life over him. If he goes to the Bar, or takes orders, it requires thirty years of very strenuous work in the one case, and of very lucky accidents in the other, to earn the splendours of a temporal or spiritual barony. Those who are not lucky, or brilliant, or strong in mental and physical capacity, must be content to regard their lordly schoolfellow as a superior *Æon* disporting in the higher spheres of the empyrean. Frequent contact with him is as unlikely as with an archangel. Perhaps men might tolerate this; for, after all, there are some occasions which bring men of different ranks together, and the Duke whom one has kicked at school, or the Bishop whom one has beaten at longs and shorts, is for the most part too sensible, if not too good-natured, to cut the competitor of his early days when brought face to face with him in after life. The sensitive man may be wounded by the exclusiveness of rank, and the thoughtful man offended by the privileges by which it is propped up. Still, thick-skinned practical men of the world go on never minding; and, if they did not seek opportunities of contact with "swells," would escape all occasions of mortified self-love and disdainful repulse. It is, however, a very different thing with women. They idolize, envy, and detest rank. It is no small trial of temper to any refined gentlewoman to bear the practised insolence of a commonplace *grande dame*. It is most mortifying to the handsome and accomplished wife of a commoner of ordinary fortune to find herself at county gatherings either excluded from the magic circle of Lady MARYS and Lady ADELAIDES, or coldly patronised by it, or unequivocally ignored by it. It is no slight mortification to a proud or ambitious mother to see her auburn darlings deserted by the volatile butterflies of the ball-room for the red-haired and unlovely daughters of the marchioness. The double goad of envy and ambition makes one half of womankind flunkeys, and the other half levellers. English women have been heard to say that there can be no real Christianity in the land while the Peerage and its privileges exist; and American women have been known to aver that they would give everything in the world to enjoy the position of an English duchess.

It is not on social favour or disfavour that the permanence of the Peerage will depend. Aspiring women may court, thoughtful women may despise, envious women may detest, the precedence of the Peerage. Disappointed doctrinaires and unsuccessful politicians may condemn its legislative powers. But neither angry men nor angry women of the upper or higher middle classes will much affect its solidity. Its peril will come from the assaults of a class whose opinions are yet unformed. That dark and mysterious half-million which will, in another year, be for the first time armed with the franchise is stated to be adverse to the Peerage as an institution. We have already said that there is as yet no sufficient warranty for this belief. If individual opinions could be polled, a considerable number would probably be discovered to be friendly, and a still more considerable number to be indifferent, to the institution. This, however, is not sufficient to determine the ultimate action of the new electors upon it. It is hardly likely that they will ever enjoy the option of expressing their individual opinions upon this or any other great constitutional principle. They are not allowed to express them upon the questions affecting their own trades, industry, or hiring. In the very callings by which they earn their livelihoods, they defer to the authority of an artisan oligarchy. They are the submissive servants of

unions and committees. The organization of the Trades' Unions is now so complete that the managers of their committees may work them as they list against the confederated capital of the country. If this can be done in matters in which the artisans have a direct and personal interest, how much more easily will it be done in matters where their interest is more languid and impersonal! If men can be organized and drilled to leave a master whom they do not dislike, and work which they have gladly accepted, at the bidding of a secret conclave in London, how much more easily will they be organized to petition against an institution which the managers of their clubs tell them is prejudicial to their interests, and about which they have rarely thought one way or another! Suppose that, of 500,000 new town voters, 400,000 care nothing about the House of Lords, and that 100,000 are very angry with it; and suppose, too, that men of education, either from spite or ambition or on principle, have begun to agitate for its destruction, it is not difficult to conceive the alliance between mind and matter which might probably ensue. The educated Radicals of the middle and professional classes would indoctrinate the quick-witted, sharp, and superficially taught leaders of the unions; and when this was once done, the marshalling of the unions, and of the voters who are members of them, would be an easy and rapid work. Representatives would be sent to the House of Commons, charged to urge the abolition of the hereditary Peerage. Even if this result were not brought about literally, it would be attained substantially. In the face of the eager opposition of all the borough constituencies, the House of Peers could not long venture to exercise any actual legislative authority. It would meet and talk like Convocation, but without the weight or dignity of a Senate.

So great a change could not be effected on a sudden. It could only be brought about slowly, gradually, and imperceptibly. Active interference would melt away into interference comparatively less active. Comparative inaction would tone down into absolute inertness. Utter inertness would languish into legislative paralysis. But though this were accomplished, it does not follow that there would be no Upper House. The hereditary Peerage might cease to exist; still a Senate might be required and established, and in this Senate might be many of the former Peers, appointed for life.

So far we are agreed with many writers as to the possibility of the extinction of the hereditary Peerage as a branch of the Legislature. But we do not accept the opinion that the destruction of the titles or the influence of the Peers need be concurrent with this. In the first place, there is very little *doctrinaire* Republicanism in England, and it is only *doctrinaire* Republicans who fight obstinately against titles. Next, the number of persons whose self-esteem or whose philosophy feels itself affronted by titles is comparatively very small, and they belong to a class which, by itself, would not be powerful in the coming era of household suffrage. The ordinary artisan will really care very little about social precedence and feudal distinctions. He will rather think it a fine thing to have a nobility in the country. The only thing which would enlist him on the side of levellers would be the conviction that the nobility did him an actual injury. So long as the majority of the Parliamentary electors tolerated titles, *dilettanti* constitution-mongers could do little against them. And what with their historic names, with the prestige of rank, albeit deprived of privilege, and with their large properties, dukes and earls would still constitute a very powerful order in the State. Their rank would continue to them their social pre-eminence; their fortunes would gather round them parasites, satellites, and dependants of various kinds. Their literary culture, their knowledge of art, and their intimate acquaintance with the political history of all Europe, would crowd their mansions with the choicest intellects of the day. Their loss of direct political power they would avenge by a social exclusiveness which would still further enhance their influence. They would be in London what the old Legitimist families are in Paris, with a provincial weight and importance which the Legitimist families have lost in rural France. The halo of martyrdom would be shed over their coronets; and they would enjoy the double advantage of having sustained great losses and retained a great position. Indirectly they might control the administration of the country in a greater degree than they do now. To those who maintain that the same causes which deprived them of their titles would deprive them also of their territorial possessions, it is sufficient to reply that such an idea is repugnant to all Englishmen save a few theorists who have never left London. Whatever attempt may be made to botch the rule of the common law

respecting the descent of landed property, nothing would be so abhorrent to the average English mind as any interference with the right of bequest. There is not an "intelligent" artisan in the country who is not fully aware that his own rights and wishes would be affected by such an interference as much as those of any Peer of the realm; and, despite all the teaching of Mr. MILL, there is hardly one who would not resent it as an outrage against himself. It is not only merchants, lawyers, and stockbrokers who love to found a family or bequeath a property. If there is one thing which English grocers, cheesemongers, tavern-keepers, tin-smiths, tailors, tinkers, carpenters, skilled mechanics of all kinds, in fact the whole section of the community above the stratum of daily labourers, respect more than any other, it is property. With many, it is next to their religion; with some, it is a religion. And woe betide the cobblers of Constitutions who lay rash hands on it.

From confiscation the Peers of England will for many a day be safe, whatever else may betide them. With their old titles and their old estates, they will still be a power in the State, even when they have ceased to be a Senate. It is for the more patriotic and thoughtful members of their body to consider whether even this security should tempt them to abandon the high vantage ground of their actual position, and to sacrifice the hold which honest and intelligent devotion to their duties would ensure them over the affections of the country, for the selfish enjoyment of inglorious ease, or the puerile excitement of frivolous and vapid pleasures. Never was the motto "*Noblesse oblige*" better worth remembering than now; never were those who are really capable of leading more sure of a large following than now.

#### CHURCH AND STATE.

THE proposed disestablishment of the Irish Church is hardly less interesting from the incidental issues which it raises than for the importance of the question which it is directly designed to solve. What is meant by disestablishment, or, in other words, what is meant by an Established Church? Does it simply mean an endowed Church, or does it at least include the idea of endowments? Clearly not the former, for there is scarcely a Dissenting sect in this country but is possessed of some endowments; so is the Free Kirk of Scotland; so is the Roman Catholic Church both here and in Ireland, to say nothing of Prussia and other Continental nations, and still more—if we may trust the *Atlantic Monthly*—of the United States, where, nevertheless, it is not the Established Church. It may indeed be admitted that, if endowments are not necessarily included in the definition of an Establishment, they practically form one of its inseparable accidents; but they neither exhaust the meaning of the term nor belong to it exclusively. In the highly idealized picture of the connexion of Church and State with which we have been lately favoured by a "metropolitan dean"—as it has become the fashion to call him by a double refinement of studied inaccuracy—we are told that the essence of this connexion lies in "some religious expression of the community" being both recognised and controlled by the State. The description, if it were correct as far as it goes, would leave us just as wise as we were before; for the State is obliged to recognise, and in some degree to control, every religious expression of every portion of the community, unless it adopts the simpler alternative of suppressing it; but, moreover, the description is not correct. In the earlier days of State Churches the connexion meant, not that the State controlled the religious expression, but that the religious expression controlled the State. And in one favoured corner of the earth this is still the case, so far as the two powers can be distinguished from each other. The real difficulty of understanding the difference between an Established and an unestablished Church is not theoretical, but historical. When Count Cavour proclaimed the principle of "a free Church in a free State," the idea announced was a perfectly intelligible one, but it has never yet been fully carried out in any single State of the Old World. There has been on both sides something of the feeling expressed in the astute maxim of Pius II. (*Æneas Silvius*), *Papam Imperatoris et Imperatorem Pope auxilio indigere; stultum esse illi nocere cujus expectes opem*. The dominant Church is not established in France in precisely the same sense as in England or in Austria, but in no European country is it in the position of a purely voluntary association. And for us Englishmen it requires a still greater effort to realize the idea of an unestablished Church, because, from the days of the Heptarchy downwards, we have been accustomed to see the national religion, or what passed for such, established in the strictest sense of the term, and the principle is bound up, so to say, with every letter of the Statute-book. Varieties there may have been, at different periods, of doctrine or discipline, as there is great difference of doctrine and discipline now between the Anglican and Presbyterian communities; but an Established Church there has been all along in England, Scotland, and Ireland, known to the law as such, while all other religious bodies, however numerous or influential, were and are at best only tolerated seceders from its pale. So completely is



this felt to be the case that we are seriously told one of the main difficulties in disestablishing the Irish Church will be found in the necessity for reconstructing it on a new basis, or rather for constructing a new Episcopal Communion in its place, to hold such residue of the corporate property as it may be suffered to retain. The Anglican Church, we are assured, is merely a convenient misnomer for a subordinate function of the Legislature. It has only a statutory life, and when the elaborate network of fibres which binds it to the Statute-book is severed, it will *ipso facto* cease to exist. We need not stay to discuss the legal or theological merits of this view of the matter. It is enough to have referred to it in illustration of the extreme difficulty experienced by Englishmen in conceiving any other relations between Church and State than those which are enshrined in the immemorial traditions of the British Constitution.

Cavour's theory of a free Church in a free State has hitherto been exemplified only in America. But if we turn our eyes to the Continent of Europe we may find something to throw light on the practical complexity of the problem which his formula was meant to solve. Two very opposite parties in the Roman Catholic communion have at various times raised the cry of a Free Church, and it will conduce much to our clearer apprehension of the point at issue if we set ourselves to inquire what they meant by it. What were called by their advocates the "Gallican liberties," and by their opponents the "Gallican servitudes," represent one side of this demand. Bossuet, and those who followed his lead, wished to circumscribe within constitutional limits the sovereign authority of the Pope—to make him the primate, not the autocrat, of Catholic Christendom. So far they were really striving for the freedom of the Church. But then they simply transferred to the *Regale* what they took from the *Pontificale*. They shifted the supreme control of ecclesiastical matters from a practically absolute Pontiff to a monarch who was absolute both in theory and practice. It might be more convenient to the French hierarchy to be dependent on their own sovereign than on the Pope, but it could make little difference to the flocks over whom in either case they ruled with the full weight both of civil and ecclesiastical sanctions. The same experiment was tried a century later, on a larger scale and with a stronger hand, in the famous reforms of Joseph II. of Austria. He seems to have derived his ecclesiastical ideas in the first instance from the treatise of the Gallican Febronius. And though his policy was for the most part really liberal and enlightened, and he had a sincere desire to benefit his people, he fell into the old misconception of the meaning of a free Church. His civil reforms were excellent, and, had they been allowed to stand, might have saved Austria half a century of perplexity and misrule. Nor was his religious legislation less admirable, so far as it secured full toleration and equal rights to his Protestant subjects. His partial suppression of convents, again, loudly as it was complained of, may have been a beneficial measure. At all events, he did no more in this respect than has been done at some time or other by every Catholic Government in Europe. But his conception of "a free Church" was that of Bossuet, not of Cavour. It never occurred to him to relax the legal force of ecclesiastical enactments, and leave the Church in the position of a voluntary association, addressing itself only to the consciences of its members. The hierarchy were to have the same civil status and the same penal sanctions for their acts which they had enjoyed before, but they were only to act with his approval, and all communications with the Court of Rome were to pass through his hands. This was felt, and not unreasonably felt, to be a tyrannical interference with religious freedom, and the appearance of Pius VI. at Vienna, in 1782, though he failed of his immediate purpose, gave the signal for a reaction which has long swept away the whole Josephine legislation, and has formed the rallying-point for Ultramontane enthusiasm ever since. Yet the Ultramontane notion of a free Church is just as one-sided as the Gallican. While claiming complete independence of State control, the Ultramontanes manifest no sort of readiness to dispense with State support when it can be obtained.

Our meaning will be best explained by an illustration which will at the same time serve to indicate the radical distinction between the status of an Established and that of a voluntary Church. An Episcopal clergyman was tried the other day in America, before the ecclesiastical court provided for that purpose, for preaching in a Dissenting chapel, and was publicly censured. Should he be deprived of his preferment on a repetition of the offence, the civil courts would no doubt, if called upon, enforce the sentence, as they would enforce the deprivation of a Wesleyan minister by the authorities of his own communion for preaching in an Anglican pulpit. In just the same way, if a Roman Catholic priest were to be ejected from his cure for marrying, the police would, if necessary, enforce his ejection, because celibacy was a condition of holding the preferment, and the condition had been broken. So far, every voluntary religious body may, and must, claim the protection of the law. But in France, where Catholicism is not established, but only recognised as "the religion of the majority," the State goes a great deal beyond this. It makes the marriage of priests invalid civilly, which is only intelligible on the hypothesis of a connexion of Church and State such as exists in England, where the laws of the Church are also part and parcel of the law of the land. Are the Ultramontanes, who protest so vehemently against the *appel comme d'abus* in France, willing to see the civil enforcement of the rule of celibacy withdrawn? It has been withdrawn in the kingdom of Italy, and its withdrawal, if we are

not mistaken, has supplied one of the many items of the Papal indictment against Victor Emmanuel. So again the Covenanters, with all their fierce invectives against Erastianism, invoked the aid of the Legislature to enforce the strict observance of the Sabbath. With similar inconsistency, Archbishop Manning says in his recent pamphlet on Ireland—where he very naturally wishes to get rid of Protestant ascendancy—that the "policy of absolute equality in religion is alone imperial, alone possible." Is he prepared to apply the same "imperial policy" to the Roman States, or has he forgotten that he is contradicting, almost *totidem verbis*, the most express statements of the last Papal Encyclical?

This brings us to say a few words in conclusion on the present circumstances of Ireland in relation to this question, and the view Archbishop Manning has propounded on the subject in his letter to Earl Grey. We do not recollect to have ever come across any publication of which it might be said with more literal accuracy that it consists of a good deal that is true without being at all new, and of some things that are as undoubtedly new as they are conspicuously untrue. On the former portion, which merely repeats, in somewhat vehement language, what all sensible men are agreed upon, we need not dwell here. Nor does it fall within our present subject to discuss the Irish land-laws, on which, if Mr. Mill is ultra-radical, Dr. Manning is ultra-revolutionary. We had heard before of the rights of man, but the right of every people to live on the fruits of the particular "soil on which they are born and in which they are (*P*) buried"—whether the soil of their country, county, or parish, is not explained, and whether they choose to cultivate it or not—is nearly as startling as the writer's next assertion that, if a man is starving, he may lawfully steal as much as will satisfy his hunger. We must leave the Archbishop to reconcile this new version of the Eighth Commandment with the Scriptural direction that "if any man will not work, neither shall he eat," only observing that Irishmen are not usually very fond of working when they can manage to eat without it. Nor is this the place to criticize his declamatory rhetoric about "a million of human beings turned out of their dwellings by force, without pity and without refuge," or his novel theory of political economy, which makes it both an injustice and a misfortune for peasants to have to emigrate in multitudes from a country where land is very dear and labour very cheap, to a country where labour is very dear and land is very cheap. Our present concern is with the ecclesiastical portion of the Archbishop's letter, which consists in great part of a violent denunciation of a recent article in the *Quarterly Review*, and of the notion of transferring any portion of the alienated revenues of the Protestant to the Roman Catholic Church. Most reasonable persons, Catholics or Protestants, are agreed that by far the best arrangement, under existing circumstances, if it were possible, would be to divide the Church revenues of Ireland among the three religious denominations of the country in proportion to their numerical claims, as has been suggested, with some unimportant differences of detail, by Lord Russell, Lord Grey, and the author of the *Plea for Peasant Proprietors*. But as the combined forces of Ultramontane fanaticism on one side and Orange fanaticism on the other will almost certainly make the arrangement impracticable, Dr. Manning need hardly have wasted so much superfluous indignation on a scheme for the social and spiritual benefit of Ireland which is too obviously rational to have much chance of success. We call attention to it chiefly in order to notice the glaring inconsistency between the reasons which he assigns for his objection and the principles which he is pledged to support. When we are gravely told that "the old Church property has been desecrated and cannot therefore be used again," one cannot help asking why the Pope allowed the endowments which had been "desecrated" by their application to Protestant uses during the reign of Edward VI., to be resumed by the Roman Catholic Church under Queen Mary. Six years or three centuries can make no difference in the principle. If Archbishop Manning had his pocket picked, would he decline to receive back the contents from the police because his money had been "desecrated" by passing into the hands of a thief? But amusement at this fantastic reasoning is lost in a deeper feeling when we are told that the Catholic clergy do not want the old endowment because "a new one has been found"; their starving flocks consider it "a joy and a pride" to supply them with money themselves, without any "questing." Can the writer be ignorant of the prevalent Irish custom of reading out a tariff of Easter dues from the altar during mass, in which all the parishioners are separately assessed according to their supposed means? That looks rather like "questing." Or why should it be an insult to suggest endowments in Ireland, when it is held to be an injury and a sacrilege to suggest any diminution or even redistribution of endowments in Italy? Yet this very proposal was met last year with a Papal *non possumus*. To endow is not to establish, and no one (except possibly Mr. Disraeli) has proposed to establish the Roman Church in Ireland. And if they had, it would be simply grotesque, in the face of history, to repudiate the proposal in her name as an insult. We may expect now, for the first time in any portion of the British dominions, to witness the spectacle of three co-equal and voluntary Churches working, let us hope peacefully, side by side. From any point of view the change must inevitably be a most momentous, or, as Mr. Disraeli worded it, "a vast and violent one." It was hardly necessary for Archbishop Manning to go out of his way to throw fresh ingredients of perplexity and

bitterness into the seething cauldron by gratuitous invectives against a plan which is very unlikely to be adopted, but which has repeatedly and most emphatically been recognised as right in principle by his Church, both in our own and in former ages.

#### IMMORAL HISTORY.

THERE have lately been some very desirable protests against the growing fashion of modern historians to admire success at the expense of morality. We are invited to fall down and worship a Caesar or a Frederick, without even the pretence that they were virtuous, simply because they were successful. The modern Temple of Fame is beginning to resemble a questionable pawnbroker's shop; no questions are to be asked as to antecedents, and no inquiries to be made as to character. The Ten Commandments are to be superseded in favour of the one simple injunction, Succeed. Get to the top of the tree, and nobody will care how you got there. At a time when our statesmen are perhaps less likely to suffer from a fanatical adherence to principles than from any other cause, it must be admitted that such teaching is dangerous. It is not desirable to place a higher premium than at present exists upon any and every mode of gaining notoriety. And yet the tendency implies the recognition of a certain undeniable truth, of which it is desirable to take account. Before condemning historians on the charge of immorality, we should endeavour to look for a moment from their point of view. Old-fashioned writers, who had never talked about the science of history, took a very simple mode of advocating their principles. Everybody who took the wrong side in politics was a knave; everybody on their own side was an honest man. According to a good old Tory, Charles I. was a blessed martyr, Laud a saint, Strafford a patriot statesman, Pym and Hampden turbulent traitors, and Cromwell a hypocritical villain. According to the Whig, the characters should be inverted; but it was equally true that all the good men were on one side and all the bad men on the other, or, if by chance a good man got amongst the black sheep, it could only be that he was abnormally stupid. It is curious that the completeness of their case did not startle the advocates themselves. There surely never was in the world any case so perfectly clear as to serve as a perfect touchstone, repelling all the vicious and attracting all the virtuous. Any picture of this earth which effects a complete separation between the goats and the sheep must of necessity be a caricature. At the most, we can only say that the wiser and the better gravitate on the whole in a certain direction; and, in spite of many perplexities and many distracting causes, give a slight majority to one side. It follows however from this, that the old plan of connecting principles with individual reputations must be unsatisfactory. We cannot with any fairness maintain that every Protestant is better than every Roman Catholic, or every Christian than every Pagan, any more than we can say with our old confidence that any Englishman will beat three Frenchmen. On the contrary, we know that many Frenchmen will reverse the proportions, and that our most sanguine expectation must be confined to a small superiority in the long run. Hence it is plain that we shall often have to wish success to the villain, for we admit that villains exist on both sides, and to pray for the confusion of the good man. Charles I., for example, might appear to have been conscientiously convinced that he was discharging a sacred duty; and yet it may have been highly desirable that he should be utterly crushed and defeated. It is harder to sympathize with successful crime; yet even a decided royalist might admit that, under the circumstances, Cromwell's rule was the best alternative open to Englishmen at the time, though he may cling to the ancient theory that Cromwell was nothing but a selfish hypocrite.

All this is perfectly plain, and is of course acknowledged in theory; but in the heat of historical controversies people generally contrive to forget it. The Roman Catholic who can believe in the virtue of Elizabeth is as rare as the Puritan who acquits Mary Queen of Scots. The old-fashioned party historian certainly does not confound right and wrong after the modern fashion. He sacrifices truth to the demands of his party, but not to mere success. He sticks to his friends in failure and in good fortune, and honestly believes that they are all models of virtue. He never challenges our sympathies for a tyrant, because he cannot conceive that his own leaders can be tyrannous. Even if more impartial, a writer of the old school considers history to be simply a collection of biographies; he argues from men to principles; he thinks that so beautiful a woman as Mary must have been virtuous, and that so picturesque a figure as Charles must have been a martyr; and he unconsciously infers the wickedness of their opponents. The immorality which lurks in such writing is of a different order from that of which we have been speaking, but it is perhaps equally objectionable. It is as wrong to overlook the mass of injustice which produced the French Revolution, in our sympathy for Marie-Antoinette, as to pardon Danton because the massacres of September answered their purpose. In the latter case we overlook the criminality of the means by which an important benefit is secured for a nation; in the former, we forget to care about the nation at all, in our horror at the crimes by which its sufferings are avenged. In both cases we proceed upon the absurd supposition that there is a necessary connexion between the goodness of a cause and the morality of the means by which it is supported. Whether we judge of the cause by looking ex-

clusively at the means, or justify the means by the end, we are committing an equal blunder in logic. Only there is undoubtedly something more revolting, at first sight, in the worship of a man who succeeds even by criminal measures, than in a sacrifice of truth in the interests of a defeated cause or an innocent sufferer.

If, indeed, historians could effectually dissociate the merits of individuals from the merits of the causes which they represent, this objection would disappear. The philosophical historian of a modern school professes to rise above all questions of parties and individuals. History, according to him, records a gradual evolution in which scarcely any individual has any perceptible influence. The creeds of the past are merely interesting as marking particular stages of intellectual development; revolutions should be regarded like earthquakes—phenomena which we know to be inevitable, though we can only partially assign their causes. A man who surveys human affairs from this lofty position can of course take comparatively small account of the merits of particular actors. He does not deny that certain men have been good or bad, only he denies that the question as to their virtues is relevant to his purpose. He would, if possible, tell the story of mankind without mentioning names. So far as he condescends to sympathize with any one, he will generally be attracted by success. If imperialism was a necessary stage through which men had to pass, Caesar was at least useful for founding the Empire. Whether he was a wicked or a good man might be of immense importance to him, but for our purposes it is comparatively uninteresting. He may have acted from the basest or the noblest motives, but at any rate he helped us on one stage further. It is as unnecessary to inquire into his motives as it is to ask why Columbus discovered America, with a view to understand its history. The important thing is, that the work was done somehow or other, and that we are reaping the consequences. Mr. Buckle says something to the effect that a wicked ruler of genius is preferable to one who is at once virtuous and stupid. There is nothing necessarily immoral in the doctrine. The bad man will have an eye to expediency; in other words, he will generally carry out measures which suit the convenience of the majority; the stupid good man will think it right to stick to injurious rules in obedience to mistaken crotchets. George III. did all manner of mischief out of pure wrongheaded conscientiousness; a ruler of quicker intellect or less scrupulous honesty would never have persisted in oppressing the American colonists when it obviously would not pay. The motive would have been lower, but the conclusion would have been right. Religious persecution has been cruel in proportion to the sincerity of the persecutors. When a revolution has become a necessity, the unscrupulous agitator may be really more useful than the conscientious Conservative who adheres to antiquated precedent. Whoever shakes the tree, the rotten fruit will come down; and the man who would superstitiously protect it is really doing the worst service to his country.

All this, and a good deal more, may be very true, and may be urged without the least injury to morality. It only proves what we all know, that Providence sometimes brings good out of evil, or that, as we have said, there are wicked supporters of the righteous as well as of the unjust cause. If it were not so, we should have a bad prospect; for no party can afford to do without a mixture of evil any more than a general can do without spies, or can dismiss every man from his army who does not serve from pure patriotism. Unfortunately, few historians manage to preserve this serene superiority of view. They try very hard to be impartial, and to fix their eyes upon the great social developments without troubling themselves about individuals' virtues and vices. They would explain history, as a geologist might expound the truths of his science without expressing an opinion as to the character of extinct lizards and mammoths. The creatures fought and ate each other, the weaker were exterminated, and the stronger thrived under the influence of natural selection; but whether this or that ichthyosaurus was a pleasant animal in private life is a matter which concerns us very little. In the same way the historian might tell us, if he chose, how weak nations have been swallowed up by their neighbours, how constitutions were upset and rulers dethroned, without giving any opinion as to the motives of the individual actors in the catastrophe. The revolutions were all necessary steps in human progress, and produced the results which we see. A writer who should confine himself to this argument would not be immoral, in the sense of teaching a bad morality; he would simply teach no morality at all. He would give us the facts, and leave us, if we chose, to draw our own inferences. He would show us how society has been gradually modified, with no more passion than a physician dissecting a dead body. But it is here that philosophical writers break down. They find that history is made by individuals, and generally that some of them are conspicuous above their fellows in bringing about the great revolutions of the past. Starting from the lofty philosophical point of view, they consider those changes to be desirable, or at least necessary, by whatever agency they have been produced. Consequently, they insensibly come to look with favour upon the people who have been the chief agents in the work; they sink quite insensibly to the humbler position of the biographical historian, but bring with them the disregard for rules of morality, which were in fact not relevant on the larger scale. In short, they confound the personal with the scientific interest, and sometimes seem to be in danger of following Mr. Disraeli's example in the Life of Lord George Bentinck, and challenging the gratitude of



mankind for Judas Iscariot, on the ground that his deed was necessary. A philosophical historian might indeed simply mention the crime, and show how it was a natural result of Jewish prejudices, whilst leaving the question of guilt to theologians and moralists. But he should be very careful to show that he does not extenuate the crime because it does not come within his scope to condemn it, and must guard against stepping unawares from a philosophical explanation into a party defence. It is this confusion of ideas which gives an unnecessary appearance of immorality to many writings which might more properly be called neutral.

#### WOMAN AND THE WORLD.

THIS, we are told in a tone of pathetic resignation, is a day of hard sayings for women. It is, we will venture to add, a day when women have to meet hard sayings with replies a little less superficial than the conventional stare of outraged womanhood or the trivial retort on the follies of men. Grant that woman's censors are as cynical and hollow-hearted as you will, there can be no doubt that their criticisms are simply the expression of a general uneasiness, and that that uneasiness has some ground to go upon. It is possible that observers across the water may be cynical in denouncing the "magnificent indecency" of the heroines of New York. It is possible that the schoolmasters of Berlin may be cynical in calling public opinion to their aid against the degrading exhibitions of the Prussian capital. It is possible that the thunders of the Vatican are merely an instance of Papal cynicism. It is possible that the protest of the Bishop of Orleans is as hollow-hearted as the protests of censors nearer home. But such a worldwide outbreak of cynicism without a cause is a somewhat improbable event, and the improbability is increased when we remark the silent acquiescence of the women of America and the Continent in the justice of these censures. It is only the British mother who ventures to protest. Now, we Englishmen have always felt a sort of national pride in the British mother. It has been a part of our patriotic self-satisfaction to pique ourselves on her icy decorum, on the merciless severity of her virtue. Colourless, uninteresting, limited as Continental critics pronounced her to be, we cherished her the more as something specially our own, and regarded the Channel as a barrier providentially invented for the isolation of her spotless prudery. It was peculiarly gratifying to suppose that on the other side of it there were no British homes, no British maidens, no British mothers. And it must be owned that the British mother took her cue admirably. She owned, with a sigh of complacency, that she was not as other women. She shuddered at foreign morals, and tabooed French novels. She shook all life and individuality out of her girls as un-English and Continental. She denounced all aspirations after higher and larger spheres of effort as unfeminine. Such a type of woman was naturally dull enough, but it fairly came up to its own standard; and if its respectability was prudery, it still earned, and had a right to claim, man's respect. The amusing thing is the persistence in the claim when the type has passed away. The British spouse has bloomed into the semi-detached wife, with a husband always conveniently in the distance, and a cisbebe as conveniently in the corner. The British mother has died into the faded matrimonial schemer, contemptuous of younger sons. The innocent simper of the British maiden has developed into the loud laugh and the horsey slang of the girl of the season. But maiden and matron are still on one point faithful to the traditions of their grandmothers, and front all censorious comers with a shrug of their shoulder-straps and a flutter of indignant womanhood. And maiden and matron still claim their insular exemption from the foibles of their sex. The Pope may do what he will with the women of Italy, and Monseigneur of Orleans may deal stern justice out to the women of France; Continental immorality is in the nature of things; but there is something else that is in the nature of things too, and before the impeccable majesty of British womanhood, every critic must stand abashed.

Unfortunately, we are no sooner awed with the marble silence of our Hermione than Hermione descends from her pedestal and falls a-talking like other people. Woman, in a word, protests; and protests are often very dangerous things to the protesters. Nothing, for instance, can seem more simple or more effective than the *tu quoque* retort, and as it is familiar to feminine disputants, we are favoured with it in every possible form. If the girl of the period is fast and frivolous, is the young man of the period any better? No sketch can be more telling than the picture which she is ready to draw of his lounging ways, his epicurean indolence, his boredom at home, his foppish abroad, the vacancy of his stare, the inanity of his talk, his incredible conceit, his life vibrating between the Club and the stable. She hits off with a charming vivacity the list of his accomplishments—his skill at flirtation, his matchless ability at croquet, his assiduity over *Bell's Life*, the cleverness of his book on the Derby. No sensible or well-informed girl, she tells us, can talk for ten minutes to this creature without weariness and disgust at his ignorance, his narrowness, his triviality; no modestly dressed or decently mannered girl can win the slightest share of his attentions. Married, he is as frivolous as before marriage; he selects the toilette of the *demi-monde* as an agreeable topic of domestic conversation, he resents affection and proclaims home a bore, he grudges the birth of children as an additional expense, he stunts and degrades the education of his girls, he is the despot of his household and the dread of his family. The sketch is

powerful enough in its way, but the conclusion which the fair artist draws is at least an odd one. We prepare ourselves to hear that woman has resolved to extirpate such a monster as this, or that she will remain an obstinate vestal till a nobler breed of wooers arise. What woman owns that she really does is to mould herself as much on the monster's model as she can. According to her own account, she puts nature's picture of herself into the hands of this imbecile, invites him to blur it as he will, and lets him write under the daub "*Ego feci*." As he cannot talk sense, she stoops to bandy chaff and slang. As he refuses to be attracted by modesty of dress and manner, she apes the dress and manner of the *demi-monde*. His indolence, his triviality, his worldliness become her own. As he finds home a bore, she too plunges into her round of dissipation; as he objects to children, she declines to be a mother; as he wishes to get the girls off his hands, she flings them at the head of the first comer. Now, if such a defence as this at all adequately represents the facts of the case, we can only say that the girl of the period must be a far lower creature than we have ever asserted her to be. A sensible girl stooping to slang, a modest girl flinging aside modesty, simply to conquer a fool and a fop, is a satire upon woman which none but a woman could have invented, and which we must confess to be utterly incredible to men. But the assumption upon which the whole of this mimetic theory is based is one well worthy of a little graver consideration.

"Tell me how to improve the youth of France," said Napoleon one day to Madame de Campan. "Give them good mothers," was the reply. There are some things which even a Napoleon may be pardoned for feeling a little puzzled in undertaking, and Madame de Campan would no doubt have added much to the weight of her reply by a few practical words as to the machinery requisite for the supply of the article she recommended. But her request is now the cry of the world. The general uneasiness of which we have spoken before arises simply from the conviction that woman is becoming more and more indifferent to her actual post in the social economy of the world, and the criticisms in which it takes form, whether grave or gay, could all be summed up in Madame de Campan's request, "Give us good mothers." After all protests against limiting the sphere of the sex to a single function of their existence, public opinion still regards woman primarily in her relation to the generation to come. If it censures the sensible girl who stoops to slang, or the modest girl who stoops to indecency, it is because the sense and the modesty which they abandon is not theirs to hold or to fling away, but the heritage of the human race. But this seems to be less and less the feeling of woman herself. For good or for evil, or, perhaps more truly, for both good and evil, woman is becoming conscious every day of new powers, and longing for an independent sphere in which she can exert them. Marriage is aimed at with a passionate ardour unknown before, not as a means of gratifying affection, but as a means of securing independence. To the unmarried girl life is a sheer bondage, and there is no sacrifice too great to be left untried if it only promises a chance of deliverance. She learns to despise the sense, the information, the womanly reserve which fail to attract the deliverer. She has to sell herself to purchase her freedom; and she will take very strong measures to secure a purchaser. The fop, the fool, little knows the keen scrutiny with which the gay creature behind her fan is taking stock of his feeble preferences, is preparing to play upon his feeble aversions. Pitiful as he is, it is for him that she arranges her artillery on the toilette-table, the "little secrets," the powder bloom, the rouge "precipitated from the damask rose-leaf," the Styrian lotion that gives "beauty and freshness to the complexion, plumpness to the figure, clearness and softness to the skin." He has a faint flicker of liking for brunettes; she lays her triumphant finger on her "walnut stain," and darkens into the favourite tint. He loves plumpness, and her "Sinai Manna" is at hand to secure *embonpoint*. Belladonna flashes on him from her eyes, Kohl and antimony deepen the blackness of her eyebrows, "bloom of roses" blushes from her lips. She stoops to conquer, and it is no wonder that the fop and the fool go down. The freedom she covets comes with marriage, but it is a freedom threatened by a thousand accidents, and threatened, above all, by maternity. It is of little use to have bowed to slang and shoulder-straps, if it be only to tie oneself to a cradle. The nursery stands sadly in the way of the free development of woman; it clips her social enjoyment, it curtails her bonnet bills. "The slavery of nursing a child," one fair protester tells us, "only a mother knows." And so she invents a pretty theory about the damage done to modern constitutions by our port-drinking forefathers, and ceases to nurse at all. But even this is only partial independence; she pants for perfect freedom from the cares of maternity. Her tone becomes the tone of the household, and the spouse she has won grows over each new arrival. She is quite ready to welcome the growl. "Nature," a mother informs us, "turns restive after the birth of two or three children," and mothers turn restive with nature. "Whatever else you may do," she adds, "you will never persuade us into liking to have children," and, if we did, we should not greatly value the conversion. And so woman wins her liberty, and bows her emphatic reply to the world's appeal, "Give us good mothers," by declining to be a mother at all.

By the sacrifice of womanliness, by the sacrifice of modesty, by flattering her wooer's base preferences before marriage, by encouraging his baser selfishness afterwards, by hunting her husband to the club and restricting her maternal energies to a couple of

infants, woman has at last bought her freedom. She is no slave of her husband as her mother was, she is not buried beneath the cares of a family like her grandmother. She has changed all that, and the old world of home and domestic tenderness and parental self-sacrifice lies in ruins at her feet. She has her liberty; what will she do with it? As yet, freedom means simply more slang, more jewellery, more selfish extravagance, less modesty. As we meet her on the stairs, as we see the profuse display of her charms, as we listen to the flippant, vapid chatter, we turn a little sickened from woman stripped of all that is womanly, and cry to Heaven, as Madame de Campan cried to the Emperor—"Give us good mothers."

#### ANCHORITES.

IN other periods of the world's history, when men were grieved with the iniquities of their kind, disgusted with the hollowness of society, perplexed with the enigmas of human destiny, it was usually a fashionable or pious usage to quit so unsatisfactory a scene and retire to solitude and meditation. Nowadays, however, though the air is very full of groans and sighs over the mystery of existence and the falseness of social organization, we see nobody imitating the old and rational practice of men in such a mood. People revile the world, yet they stick to it all the closer. They heap evil names upon society, yet they seem to love it all the more dearly. If they were thoroughly sincere in their protests against life, if their avowed sense of oppression beneath its burdens were genuine, we may be sure that more of them would retire to some modern imitation of the ancient Thebaid. They would seek the caves of the earth, like the religious men of old, and there, with dried leaves for a couch, and water and berries for sustenance, at once prove the reality of their dejection, and set an example of wholesome disregard for the soul-destroying conventionalities of ordinary life. Perhaps this might be an excess of a good thing. Still we may be sure that at all events the more fervent of the malcontents would resort even to as violent measures as this, if they were as deeply penetrated as they profess to be with the sickening monotony, shallowness, hypocrisies, injustice, and cruelties of our present way of living and thinking and talking. We should have some new Southey organizing some new scheme for pantisocracy on the banks of the Susquehanna. But nobody in these days proposes anything half so inspiringly idiotic, not probably because the men with grievances against the mysterious being which they call Society are any wiser, but because they only believe in their own declamations about a quarter as much as the youthful Southey did in his dreams.

A country without its anchorites lacks a kind of men who, under certain pretty obvious conditions and restrictions, ought to be of especial use to it, and to contribute very remarkably to the common weal. The useful anchorite no longer need fly to a desert; he may sleep in a four-poster, if he chooses, for dried leaves have ceased to be matter of obligation; for the berries of his old prototype he may substitute chops and steaks; and for the waters of the running brook, claret or tea, or whatever other modest draught his soul happens to love. Nor is it necessary that he should always follow the rule of silence. On the contrary, one of the main duties of the serviceable hermit of the nineteenth century would be to speak; but then his speech would, or at least ought to, have many signal peculiarities to mark him out from the other talkers who pass their days, and much of their nights also, among their fellows. His talk should not be as the crackling of thorns under a pot. He could only vindicate his right to choose a path not trodden by the rest of us on condition of some remarkable excellence and singularity in the things to which his own path led up. Nobody, for example, now assails Wordsworth for going to live on something less than a hundred pounds a year among the lakes; because we all feel now that the slight which he put upon the world by leaving it to its own devices was justified and condoned by the fine work which his retirement enabled him to do for the world. It is pretty certain that a good many people have tried since Wordsworth's time to become poets by simply turning hermits. But then it is not everybody who is strong enough to stand the process, and the experience of a few months is commonly enough to force the truth into their minds that to make a good hermit one must have a real vocation and mission for it. It is easy enough to find a solitary spot, with heath and wood and silent meres and ridges of hill; where the post is not too frequent, nor the railway station too near; and where there are no neighbours to break through and steal the most priceless of possessions—one's time—with meaningless and importunate civilities. But then the difficulty is in enduring your solitude after all. You may make a solitude and call it peace, if you like; but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the result of such a choice of life would be discontent, irritation, and immovable gloom. Most people have a latent conviction that they would be endlessly happy if circumstances only allowed them to live in some sequestered dell, amid flowers and grass and trees, with few and simple interests, with leisure for pure meditation, and so forth. It is amusing to hear people, as one very often may, wearied either with excessive pleasures or excessive labours in pursuit of money, deplore the evil fortune which has robbed them of those fresh rural delights that belong to man in his unsophisticated state. They honestly believe, both the laborious merchant and the laborious pleasure-seeker, that to transport them away from their actual pursuits of the day, or the

night, as the case may be, into places where one might hold peaceful communion with one's self and nature, would be to fill them with bliss. For one night and one forenoon this might be so; for longer, not. A man ought to be very sure that he will find himself moderately good company before he abandons that of his neighbours. And communion with Nature is a game that requires two players. Nature is always ready, but the spirit of man is far less surely to be counted upon. The hills and the lakes and the heaths are our best comrades when they share our mood; but then, in spite of the thousand changes which their mien presents in sunshine and rain and wind, and in the variety of the seasons, they cannot change with the mind of an habitual onlooker. When his spirit is in shadow, they may be in broad light; when he is inspired with geniality and glow, they perhaps are black and sunless. If he has the true passion for them, this seeming discrepancy does no hurt, any more than does a transient difference in mood between two friends. But to the mere hermit of an hour it is a thing to be resented, as such failures of sympathy are resented among children. He rapidly gets sulky with her who was to have been his eternal friend, and probably in all haste returns to the busy haunts of men, which in prudence he ought never to have quitted.

This untimely end of high resolves is no proof that, to the stalwart minds that do not fear to be thrown upon themselves, retirement is any evil. There is much work that none are likely to do so well as the anchorite. He has advantages that nobody else can have in such abundance. He is secure against those thousand petty interruptions that dissipate time without relaxing the mind. Visits of ceremony, joyless routs, smileless dinners, do not vex his existence and wear away his soul without a recompense. They are possibly the indispensable conditions of a highly artificial society, but then an artificial society, though inevitable and in a sense not blameable nor injurious, is still far from being the most fruitful ground for many high qualities of mind and temper. Distraction is to most, if not all, people of the better stamp, not a relief, but a drawback. It does not merely procure a pause of industry, it causes a break in the thread, which has to be pieced together again with wasteful and displeasing toil. From this destructive sort of relaxation the anchorite gives himself a wise reprieve. He is cast upon his own resources, and if he is fit for the sort of life he has undertaken, the pressure upon his internal qualities and powers strengthens and amplifies them until they are perfectly adequate to bear the burden with which he has weighted them. Thus, in this case, he soon acquires the art of looking at the world from the outside. Being outside of it in the flesh, he takes more and more the position of one morally and spiritually outside. This, however, brings us face to face with the great danger to which persons with the hermit temper are liable. It is easily possible for a man to place himself too far to the outside of the world, and to look at it from the outside in a wrong and detestable sense, as one above being interested in the things which concern other people. The object of a worthy and benign hermit would obviously be to be penetrated with worldliness, in the sense of sympathising with everything that promotes the well-being of human creatures, and yet to be so far above worldliness as, first, to be stripped of sinister and selfish personal interests; and secondly, to be able to discern the genuine elements of well-being from the thousand counterfeits which, in the hurry and press and turmoil of the crowd, are blindly taken for the reality that men profess to be seeking. The coolness and serenity of the hermit who lives apart plainly tend to keep his eye clear; but then, if he be not on the watch, they may rather chill his heart. Here is the chief peril. The success with which he avoids it is the decisive test of his fitness for the arduous kind of life he has ventured to select. There is another and a serious peril. He may become inordinately confident in his own uncorrected judgment. People who live in the full tide of social intercourse are often just as vain and arrogant as the veriest anchorite that ever withdrew from it; but then they receive unconsciously a very important amount of correction from the attrition of the opinions around them. This correction the hermit, of course, has no opportunity of procuring, and hence his judgments generally require to be modified and ballasted, so to say, for common use. Still there is never any difficulty in performing this operation, while there is great difficulty in securing a sufficient supply of such opinion as the meditative man furnishes out of his solitude—fresh, wide, elevated, and impressive.

There is one very serious mistake to be guarded against—that, namely, of confounding the life of a hermit with the life of a member of a very small clique. It is pretty safe to say that belonging to a narrow and exclusive clique involves all the disadvantages of the hermit's life, while it confers not one of its advantages. It is every bit as likely to make one inordinately conceited—rather more likely, in fact, for each aids the other in looking up to himself as a wonderful person. It is every bit as likely to make a man feel above wide human sympathies, by narrowing the interests of mankind in his eyes to the interests of the little set that he is supposed to adorn. Then, on the other hand, he gets no compensation. His time is just as much wasted in the mutually admiring society of a few as it would have been in the mutually indifferent society of the world at large. The gossip and tattle of a clique, impregnated as it is with superciliousness and presumption, constitutes the most sterilizing atmosphere conceivable. The pomps and vanities of the wicked world on a large scale are not half so pestilent as those of small quasi-monastic sets. If a man is not strong enough for the life of the true anchorite, then the best thing



he can do is to live like other people, with plenty of neighbours and associates. Perhaps the wisest thing for an average man is to strengthen himself by mere episodes or parentheses of hermit's life, which will not test his powers of self-sufficiency too severely, and yet will enable him now and again, in an age of crowds and throngs, to survey both his own career and the rush of the world with some coolness and steadiness.

#### IRISH ECCLESIASTICAL BUILDINGS.

SEVERAL odd things have been said in the course of the debate on the Irish Church. Mr. Roebuck, for instance, described himself as an "Imperial Englishman." We presume that he is the first of his class since Richard, King of the Romans. Lord Claude Hamilton the younger showed that his ideas about the reign of Henry the Second were a great deal clearer than those of Earl Russell. But he ventured on a somewhat bold assertion when he said that a "State Establishment"—of religion apparently—was "incompatible with democracy." If Lord Claude Hamilton would take a tour in Switzerland at this unfashionable time of the year, he would find out that the most democratic States in Europe are precisely those which are most attached to their ecclesiastical establishments. Of course the answer would be that the speaker was not thinking about such small communities as the Swiss Cantons. Now it may very likely be true that an argument drawn from so small a community as Uri would not apply to so large a community as Ireland. But when people make assertions which are perfectly general, which are couched in a form that admits of no exception, they should first find out whether some class of exceptions may not exist. It may be true, or it may not, that a Church Establishment would not be likely to co-exist with purely democratic institutions in England or Ireland. But to say broadly that a Church Establishment is incompatible with democracy is untrue, because the experience of several democracies through several centuries proves the contrary. But far funnier than the somewhat too bold assertion of a young and evidently clever member is the interpretation of the Coronation Oath given by one of the Law Officers of the Crown. The Sovereign swears to preserve their rights and privileges "to the Bishops and Clergy of England and Ireland, and to the Churches there committed to their charge." We might stop to remark that the rights and privileges spoken of are "such as by law do or shall appertain to them." It is plain that the oath simply binds the Sovereign, as the chief executive magistrate, to respect all rights and privileges secured by law, not, as a member of the Legislature, to resist any change in the law. The law may make the rights and privileges greater or less than they are at the moment of the Coronation. The oath simply binds the Sovereign in either case to carry out the law for the time being. This, however, is not our point. We want to point out the strange construction put by the Solicitor-General on the word "Churches." He called special attention to the fact that the word was "Churches" in the plural, and not "Church" in the singular. This, he said, "obviously pointed to more than one Church." The Solicitor-General evidently thought that the word Church was to be taken here in its wider or political sense, and that the plural form bound the Sovereign to support, not only the Church of England, but also the Church of Ireland. Now, modern as is the greater part of the clause of the oath in which they are embedded, the particular words about the "Churches"—"Ecclesiis"—come from the ancient form of "Electio et Benedictio et Coronatio Novi Regis," dating from an age when debates about the Irish Church had not yet begun. No scholar, and one would have thought no lawyer, needs to be told that the "Churches," the "Ecclesiæ," spoken of in the oath do not mean the "Churches" of England and Ireland, but the particular foundations, cathedral, collegiate, parochial, or any other, committed to the charge of the Bishops and Clergy. The Queen binds herself to preserve such rights as by law appertain to the Churches of Canterbury, Westminster, Little Peddington, or any other. The oath binds the Sovereign to abstain from any of those illegal interferences with the property, patronage, jurisdiction, or other rights and privileges of any of these Churches, which were not uncommon in ancient times. But it in no way binds the Sovereign to refuse the royal assent to Acts of Parliament which may legally diminish or abolish those rights and privileges. The oath might just as well have referred to boroughs as to churches. In such a case it would have bound the Sovereign to respect the legal franchises of every borough, to issue the right writs to the right places, to abstain from interference with freedom of election in every borough which the law invested or might invest with the right of returning members. But it most certainly would not bind the Sovereign to refuse the royal assent to a Reform Bill. The Solicitor-General did not go this length; but a mention of the Coronation Oath at once suggests the old controversy of George the Third's time. Yet one would really have thought that the most puzzle-headed of mankind might have seen that the "Churches" spoken of were the particular local Churches throughout the kingdom. It is amazing indeed when the obvious sense of the words is thus missed by one of the Law Officers of the Crown.

From "Churches" in this sense, it is an easy step to "Churches" in the almost identical sense of sacred buildings. If the existing Protestant Establishment is disestablished or disendowed, what is to become of the churches—of the fabrics themselves? We

gathered from Mr. Gladstone's speech that they were still to be left to their present owners. Now this is a matter which cannot be rightly dealt with offhand, as the position of ecclesiastical buildings in Ireland is very peculiar and complicated. It is something which an Englishman who has not seen the country can hardly understand. In most parts of Western Christendom, whether Protestant or Catholic, and most conspicuously in England and France, you commonly find in each village an ancient church, built several, sometimes many, centuries back, and which, allowing for a few exceptional years of war or revolution in either country, has been, during all that time, uninterruptedly used for divine worship. Where you do not find such an ancient church, you commonly find a modern one, which has replaced the ancient church, as that ancient church in most cases replaced one still more ancient. The new church in such a case is simply the old one in another form, standing on the same site and carrying on the same tradition. In England, and even in France, to see an ancient village church—we are of course speaking neither of town churches nor of monasteries—left as a disused and forsaken ruin, is an exceptional sight, to be explained by some exceptional local cause. We see that the convulsions of either country, the Reformation, the great Civil War, the Huguenot Wars, even the great French Revolution, have been mere passing storms, by which the buildings have suffered much less than we might have looked for. But the state of things which in England or France is exceptional is in Ireland the rule. We will not dogmatically say that there is no such thing in Ireland as an ancient village church remaining in use. This we could not assert, either from our own knowledge or from statistics. But we think that we know enough of the country to be able to say that such a case is a rare one. It is certain that you may go a long journey through various parts of Ireland without once seeing, what we expect to see everywhere in England, the ancient parish church of the village still used for divine service as it was centuries back. The difference is one of those differences which at once force themselves on the traveller. It makes a difference in the look of the country. As a general rule—a rule perhaps not without exceptions, but a rule to which the exceptions must certainly be very rare—the ancient village churches of Ireland are always in ruins. In the towns, an ancient church, cathedral or parochial, not uncommonly survives, and is used for Protestant worship. But even in these cases the proportion of modern churches to ancient strikes an Englishman as large. But in the villages it is unknown, or next to unknown, that the ancient parish church, built ages back, should be used for the divine worship of either religion. The church lies in ruins; that fact proclaims itself; it would require local knowledge in each case to say which churches have been ruined in war, and which have simply dropped to pieces because one set of people could not use them, while another set of people who could have used them were not allowed to do so. The churches used for both religions are modern buildings—buildings, for the most part, of no architectural value at all. The only exceptions seem to be when, as now and then happens, the dismantled church of a monastery has been restored and again applied to ecclesiastical uses. Otherwise, in an Irish village there is commonly a modern Roman Catholic church, often also a modern Protestant church, the latter very often standing near the ancient ruin, but most certainly in no way proclaiming itself as its natural successor.

Now it becomes a serious question, in case of disestablishment or disendowment, what is to be done with these fabrics of both classes. If the change is meant to conciliate the great Roman Catholic population of Ireland, it will hardly do to leave these ancient buildings and sites of buildings in the hands of a small body, who will no longer be even an established body. It will be small satisfaction to a Roman Catholic inhabitant of Cashel if the Protestant Bishop and his Chapter lose their other temporal rights and privileges, but retain the most galling of all—the power of shutting out the Church of the majority from that glorious group of buildings, hallowed by every religious and historical association in the hearts of the Irish people. It is now a rankling grievance for Cormac's Chapel to remain unused and uncared for, the freehold of men who cannot or will not make any use of it, while those who no doubt soon could make use of it are shut out. But the grievance will be ten times greater if the body which is now authorized, as the Established Church of the country, to play dog in the manger, should cease to be the Established Church, and should be allowed to play dog in the manger all the same. The present state of things, if unjust, is at least intelligible, but a state of things which left the ancient churches and sites of churches in the hands of what would then be a small sect would be as unintelligible as it would be unjust. The few cathedrals and other churches in Ireland which have been kept up in anything like a decent state have a chance of being preserved while they remain in the hands of a body established by law, and possessed of competent revenues. They would have a chance of being preserved if left to the voluntary zeal of the great bulk of the nation. But they would have no chance at all in the hands of a minority which would have sunk into a mere sect. In a great city like Dublin, it would doubtless be reasonable to divide the churches in fair proportions between the two religions, as is done in so many German towns where the two religions exist side by side. But of what use could buildings like Saint Canice and Killaloe be to a small sect, which would doubtless no longer be able to maintain the faintest shadow of a

capitular establishment? In the hands of the Church of the majority they would at least have a chance of being cared for and kept up; as the property of a mere Protestant sect, the case would be hopeless. And as to the village churches, no one would wish to disturb the Protestant owners in the possession of the paltry buildings which they have run up within the last fifty years. A distinction, too, might be drawn in favour of churches restored recently by private and Protestant munificence, such as that displayed by the late Primate and by Mr. Guinness. But how about the ancient sites and churchyards? They are, strictly speaking, of no use to anybody. The churches, small and ruinous at best, have sometimes only the foundations left; there is hardly a case in which they could be now used for divine service by either side. All that still cleaves to them is a sentiment, which sentiment is surely likely to be much stronger in Roman Catholic than in Protestant hearts. And around the churches lie the churchyards, to which at all events the Irish people cleave with the deepest affection as the last homes of their fathers. Surely, if any change is to be made at all, no change can be more reasonable than to vest the freehold of these ancient sites, ruins, and burying-grounds in those who alone are attached to them by any sentiment, and to whom it must be a grievance to feel that it is only by a sort of sufferance that they have anything to do with them at all. It may conceivably be right to leave things as they are, to vest everything in a dominant Church, though the Church of the minority. It cannot be right to vest objects which are revered by the majority in the Church of the minority, when that Church is no longer dominant. If the Irish Church is to be disestablished or disendowed, surely one essential part of such disestablishment or disendowment is to secure some use for sites and fabrics of which the present owners can make no use.

#### THE ROAD INTO WESTERN CHINA.

WE should have thought that the expediency of opening a road from our possessions in India or Burmah into Western China was one of those things which are too plain for dispute. The Imperial stake in the matter is enormous, and the opportunity apparently tempting. The end to be gained is a total diversion of the trade with China from Shanghai and other Chinese ports to some port in our own territory. What that trade is, and what it must become, leave no doubt that the transit through British territory would be immensely profitable to the revenues of the provinces concerned. Still more, the substitution of Rangoon, or some port in the Bay of Bengal, for the Chinese ports would shorten by nearly one-third the voyages of our tea-ships, diminishing *pro tanto* the expense of freight and other charges. It is a final and decisive consideration that the part of the voyage to be saved—namely, in the Chinese Seas—would be most dangerous for our ships in the event of a maritime war. The navigation is so intricate and difficult that vessels can only make their way by sighting certain points. They must often lie-to at nightfall so as to thread their way safely the following day. Such conditions make the escape of merchantmen from steam privateers impossible, steam having also rendered impracticable the old system of convoys. Were Rangoon, however, the port of our tea-ships, they could easily be protected out to the open sea, whence to the English Channel they might sail unmolested, not forced to pass over a certain route and near certain points where cruisers might be lying in wait. While the gain is to be so great, the conditions of making the road by which the gain would be effected are really very easy. At the base of the Siamese peninsula the Indian and Chinese frontiers are all but continuous. The valley of the Dihong, the largest branch of the Brahmaputra, which is in our possession, is separated by a few miles only from the valley of the Yang-tse-Kiang, the largest river of China. The country has not been thoroughly explored, but the Dihong is navigable to within two hundred miles distance from a point to which the Yang-tse-Kiang is also navigable. It is known with some certainty besides that the Western frontier of China is accessible through the valleys of the peninsular rivers—especially the Irrawaddy and the Cambodia—whose head waters are in the narrow tract intervening between Assam and China. In other words, China may be reached from British Burmah on the western face of the peninsula, embracing as it does the mouths of the Irrawaddy; and from the French possessions at Saigon, at the mouth of the Cambodia, on the peninsula's eastern side. The Irrawaddy river is navigable to Mandalay, 670 miles from the sea, and even to Bhamo, 160 miles higher up, from which latter point it is only 220 miles to Tali-foo, an important city in the Chinese province of Yunnan, which in past times has carried on a valuable trade with Bhamo. Again it is known that the Chinese have traded largely with another city on their frontier—Kiang-Hung, situated on the Cambodia river, exactly in the latitude of Mandalay, and distant from Rangoon in a straight line 480 miles. One would have thought, then, that the chance of getting into China in any of these directions, especially of winning a road into the Yang-tse-Kiang valley, was worth testing to the utmost; that, if there were difficulties in the way, those who had the direction of affairs would seek to remove them; that great risks even would be run in the hope of a brilliant result. At least one would have thought this had the Government been any other than that of England in the middle of the nineteenth century. As it is, it is quite natural that high officials, instead of manfully doing their work, should shut their eyes to every chance, should magnify in imagination the lions in the path, should weary out the

hearts of their subordinates with perverse higgling in spending a few hundred pounds, and put off as long as possible what they plainly think the evil day of opening up the desired communication.

Our remarks have been suggested by the treatment which Captain Sprye's project, of which everybody has heard, has met with during the last year. It is likely enough that that project—to make a direct railway from Rangoon to the town of Kiang-Hung, already described, or some other point in Western China, making no use whatever of the Irrawaddy—is not the most expedient. The necessary length of the line is an objection, if a road be practicable between Bhamo and Tali-foo, or if Western China can be penetrated by Bhamo, or some place higher up from the Brahmaputra valley. But the saving of transshipments, except at the seaport, is a great advantage, and there is some reason to believe that Kiang-Hung may be a more advantageous gate into China than Tali-foo. The project, at any rate, was surely worth a preliminary survey. For years, however, the Indian Government and the India Office here would not be bored with the matter. Objection was taken to spending money out of Indian revenues, and intense alarm was expressed lest the making of a railway should lead to difficulties with the Burmese Government and the entire occupation of their country. The answers to these objections were obvious enough. There was no pretext for saying that Indian revenues should not bear the expense, for British Burmah, which contributes to Indian revenue, is to reap, *ex hypothesi*, no little benefit from the project. At any rate, if the objection only applied to charging the Indian revenues, why did the India Office deal with it finally, and not bring the matter before the Imperial Cabinet, which can have few subjects more worthy of attention? The fear of a collision with Burmah is again little better than childish. In point of fact, the Burmese monarch seems willing enough to authorize exploring parties and railways; but is the prospect of advantage so chimerical that the risk of having to occupy more Burman territory, however little, must outweigh everything else? Thus years went on; merchants in the China trade, projectors like Captain Sprye, and the subordinate officials in British Burmah being repulsed time and again, or fretted by explorations in wrong directions, as if expressly devised to make out a case against any road. At length, in 1866, the fortune of party warfare introduced Lord Cranborne to the India Office, for once a statesman of strong will, and not a mere official; a man who could afford to disregard the protests of his own Council, and the groans of the Indian Government at being made to do what it did not like. For a short time some progress was made. In was in September, 1866, that Lord Cranborne looked into the matter at the instance of the Liverpool East India and China Association, and he came at once to the conclusion that a survey should be made, unless some new circumstances had arisen since 1864, when the matter had been last under consideration. Thus pressed, the Indian Government renewed on the 8th of December all their old objections, but Lord Cranborne was inexorable, and a peremptory order for the survey was issued on the 7th of February last year. Unfortunately, the power of mischief possessed by officialism was not exhausted. The survey was begun as ordered, but when the season was over, and arrangements for continuing it another year had to be made, the Secretary of State for India was no longer Lord Cranborne, but Sir Stafford Northcote. The result may be guessed. No new circumstances whatever had occurred. The survey, only executed to the British frontier, had yielded favourable results. Out of 245 miles surveyed, 169 were found easy of construction, 35 moderate, and only 40 difficult, while the difficulties could be readily overcome. The country so far was unproductive and thinly peopled, but these facts were surmised beforehand. Those engaged reported unanimously in favour of continuing the exploration through Burmese territory in a direction which they indicated, though they pointed out some temporary difficulties barring a particular route. The country to be passed through was expected to be rich and populous, where labourers could be found to assist in the works, and where a line would be remunerative. The real part of the survey was indeed only to come. At once, however, Sir Stafford Northcote reversed the order of his predecessor, alleging the expense and the political complications, which had been previously disregarded. In his despatch of the 31st of October, he refers indeed to a phrase in Lord Cranborne's despatch, where political embarrassments are referred to as a possible reason for eventually relinquishing the scheme; but he fails to see that nothing new had occurred since Lord Cranborne positively decided to act. Thus Indian officialism has had its way, and for some years to come we shall be as wise as we are as to the practicability of a railway from Rangoon to Kiang-Hung.

By what is little less than a miracle, the defeat of the Rangoon and Kiang-Hung project has not ensured the complete closing of the question. Colonel Fytche, last year, when about to negotiate a new treaty with Burmah, luckily bethought himself that while at the Burmese Court he might do what he could to open up the old Bhamo route to Tali-foo, for which a large section of the mercantile community of Rangoon was anxious. It is needless to say that his first proposal to that effect was flatly negatived by the Indian Government. Political embarrassments, the expense, and the impropriety of charging the revenues of India, were once more made to do duty in the sacred cause of *laissez-faire*. Colonel Fytche nevertheless returned to the charge, and played with great skill a new trump card which has turned up in favour



of projectors during the last year. The French who are planted at the mouth of the Cambodia are less troubled than ourselves by the prospect of political embarrassment. They have, accordingly, sent an expedition up the Cambodia, with the view of opening up a path to Western China by this same town of Kiang-Hung. They have the advantage in their favour that the Cambodia is navigable all the way from Kiang-Hung to Saigon; but the distance is 1,200 miles, and a port at the mouth of the Cambodia could never compete with Rangoon, to which the voyage from Europe is so much more easy. What all the efforts of projectors and subordinates have been unable to do, the presence of another Richmond in the field has effected. Colonel Fyche obtained the permission he desired, and, assisted by an exploring party, is by this time engaged in opening up, if possible, the road to Talifoo, with every prospect of success. The obstacles are only temporary—namely, the civil war in China, which has ended in Yunnan with a victory of the Mahomedans, who are now eager enough to restore the interrupted trade. All that is necessary is to remove the obstacles caused by the neglect of the last few years. Of course, if a great trade can be brought on this line even by common roads, a new argument will be furnished for a railway. The explorations for this railway, Colonel Fyche is sanguine enough to think, might proceed at the same time; though that, of course, is a view in which the Indian Government and Sir Stafford Northcote cannot be expected to concur.

It is high time that an inquiry should be made as to the reasons for stopping at the threshold of the enterprise. Lord Granborne's resolution was received with universal approval by the commercial world; and the necessity for giving a definite answer to those who memorialized him, which was the express ground of his action, still continues to exist. The time has come when we must ascertain definitely whether the bugbears conjured up in the region between us and China have any reality—whether, in fact, there are any difficulties which we are unable to remove. It must be repeated that all our interest lies in finding means to overcome or evade any difficulties if they do exist, and not, as the India Office will interpret it, in making them excuses for inaction. Above all, the matter must no longer be suffered to drop between offices and departments, but should be treated as an Imperial question. If India ought not to bear the whole expense, let the House of Commons be tested as to its willingness to vote the money, or give a guarantee for a railway. What the decision will be, when the chances of promoting our China trade and the necessity of rendering our merchantmen more secure in time of war, are considered, it is impossible to doubt. Regarding the route to be preferred, that is a question so much depending on the result of the surveys that no opinion can be given; but there need be no doubt of our objects. To avoid transshipments, and secure the tea of China for an English port, a railway from Rangoon will in the long run be indispensable, though perhaps a sufficient beginning will be made by a railway from Mandalay or Bhamo. But another object is equally important. India may be made the highway for mail and passenger traffic between China and Europe, and on its own account has a deep interest in quick communication with so important a customer as China. A direct road from Assam into China is therefore highly desirable. It may be impossible to take a road from the Dihong to the Yang-tse-Kiang, as Sir Arthur Cotton recommends, but, according to a letter signed "G." in the *Times* of 19th September, there seems no doubt that Bhamo can be reached in this way. Between the Dihong and the Upper Irrawaddy lies the Patkoi range of mountains, over which it seems a people called the Singphos are in the habit of driving their cattle from Assam into the Hoochoong valley of Burmah. This is evidence, in "G.'s" opinion, as the cattle in these parts are wretchedly feeble and emaciated, that the passes cannot be in any way precipitous. Through the Hoochoong valley and to the Irrawaddy the country is not difficult, as testified by the researches of Captain Hannay some twenty-five years back. The descent to Bhamo, when the Irrawaddy is gained, would only be 100 miles, if China could not be reached higher up. Failing a road over the Patkoi range, there remains the old route of the Buddhist missionaries into China—namely, through Cachar and Munnipore to Bhamo—which might now be improved for connecting the valleys of the Brahmaputra and Irrawaddy. At the utmost, when an Assam railway is made, the further road into Western China by Munnipore and Bhamo would be less than 500 miles; and if prolonged for some distance to a navigable part of the Yang-tse-Kiang would necessarily attract to it the passenger and mail traffic between China and Europe. So much once secured, we might look forward to a speedy prolongation of the line into the Chinese interior, and even to Shanghai, about 1,500 miles off; and nothing less ought to be contemplated. It is possible we may be too late. The French are threatening us on the Upper Cambodia; but, as far as passengers and mails are concerned, we have more formidable rivals. In 1870 an Atlantic and Pacific Railway will be in existence, after which the shortest road between Europe and Japan will be by the United States. The same route will also come seriously into competition with our existing routes to Shanghai and Hong-Kong. To turn the tables, and prevent all chance of the route for our most important commerce lying through the United States, no other means are available than these roads into Western China which annoy so much the official world. But with Calcutta only ten days from Shanghai, as might be the case were there only a rail-

way from the Brahmaputra to the Yang-tse-Kiang, the United States route would be superseded. We might thus have Rangoon as the port of China, and India as the highway for passengers and mails. The prize would be a splendid one, and worthy of effort even if the object were not vital to the welfare of the empire.

#### THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.

THERE is happily a perpetual succession of persons who have not seen boat-races, and to those persons the spectacle presented by the Thames on Saturday last may have been interesting and exhilarating. But there is, unfortunately, a small number of persons who have seen boat-races very often, and they laboured on this occasion under a grievous inability to get up any excitement on the subject. Every impartial observer of the trials of the previous fortnight brought back the same story. Cambridge had neatness, but Oxford had strength. The inevitable issue of the pending contest was foreseen even in remote paragonages. It is pleasant in any tolerable weather to go upon the river and to meet one's friends, and these advantages might be expected by visitors to Putney; but a boat-race worthy to be so called some persons did not expect, and those persons were not disappointed. Judicious speculators on sporting events had not overlooked the "certainty" which seemed to offer itself to those who might contrive to back Oxford; but, unfortunately, it was necessary to the carrying out of this purpose to find some persons willing to back Cambridge, and lunatics possessing money are for the most part taken care of by the Lord Chancellor.

The course of aquatic events during the last eight years may indeed reduce Cambridge men almost to despair. Last year was the seventh successive defeat which Cambridge had sustained, but it was a defeat which seemed to give promise of future victory. A close struggle was maintained throughout the course. Cambridge led, and her friends hastily concluded that she had the race in hand, at Hammersmith. At Chiswick Church Oxford had gained the lead, and she never lost it afterwards, although the Cambridge crew, by a succession of brilliant spurts, almost regained the advantage they had lost, and were finally defeated by only half a length. We will not now repeat the criticism which was evoked last year as to the impolicy of putting forth so great an effort in the early part of so long a race, nor will we inquire whether a different style of rowing might not have produced a more satisfactory result with less severe exertion. The issue of the race was almost equally honourable to both parties. Cambridge men departed in the assurance that the old days of rowing had returned, and that in future contests their University would be able to perform a part worthy of the intense interest which these races now excite, and of the vast assemblage of all classes of the community which they bring together. It was reasonably argued the year before that Cambridge was advancing through a series of defeats to victory. One of the Cambridge crew of 1866 rowed in that year for the fourth time. In his first year, which was 1863, it might be said, with only slight exaggeration, that the Cambridge crew never saw their adversaries at all. Next year, the Cambridge boat led for about three hundred yards, and was then passed and beaten easily. Next year Cambridge kept the lead as far as Chiswick Church. In 1866 Cambridge led until near Barnes Bridge, and if she had not unfortunately been thrown out of her course by a sailing barge, it is possible that she might have kept ahead throughout. However this may be, there was undeniable improvement in every race from 1863 to 1866; and although the hope of a change of fortune was not realized in 1867, yet no Cambridge man could feel disappointed at the part performed by his University in the memorable contest of that year. Whatever might be said about the style of rowing cultivated at Cambridge, it was manifest that the raw material of oarsmen—strong bodies and willing minds—existed in abundance. It might be hoped that the progress of the last few years would continue; and if, with a powerful crew and plenty of practice, there could be combined a turn of luck, that consummation would at last be reached which had begun to be desired almost as heartily at Oxford as at Cambridge. But the present season opened gloomily. One of the best oarsmen in the University, the Hon. James Gordon, who rowed No. 4 in the boat last year, was accidentally killed by a shot from his own rifle the very day before he was to have taken his place among the training crew. In the first strong emotions caused by this deplorable calamity, it was contemplated by Cambridge to withdraw the challenge which had been sent to Oxford, but it was afterwards determined to do the best that could be done to supply the lamented Mr. Gordon's place. It is a petty and mistaken way of looking at such matters to pretend that, if some part of the preliminaries had occurred otherwise than it did, the result would have been different. Nevertheless, it is allowable to remark that fortune has in this instance displayed a peculiar malignity to Cambridge. The annals of rowing prove that success has been often due to one member of a crew, who has at once put spirit into his comrades and life into the movement of the boat. It would not, perhaps, be going too far to say that the loss of Mr. Gordon, occurring when it did, was irreparable. But we think that his comrades were right in endeavouring to repair it.

Enough, and perhaps too much, has been written about the performances of the two crews at Putney before the race. Those performances are now witnessed by a larger crowd than used to gather for the race itself. Some of the best races ever rowed by

Cambridge—perhaps some of the best that were ever rowed at all—were seen easily and completely by anybody who could command half-a-crown, or even a shilling, to pay for a place on board a steamer. The early boat-races on the Thames resemble the campaigns of sixty years ago in this, that the heroes of both kinds of contest fought under the cold shade, whereas now both oarsmen and soldiers do their work with excessive, and perhaps undesirable, publicity. The Special Correspondent is busy in his vocation alike at Putney and in Abyssinia, and the eagerness of newspapers to give new and exclusive information about the boat-race has become so intense that an account was this year published of the meat and drink daily consumed by one of the rival crews. It is to be lamented that the race itself was particularly barren of incidents suitable for description, and the accessories of the scene were obscured by fog. Every caprice of weather has now been experienced at these races within recent years. It has been cold, and it has been wet, and it has been both cold and wet. There has usually been enough wind to add much to the labour of the contending crews, but on this occasion there was no breeze to move the mist which floated on the waters. The river was as smooth as a pond, and, the tide being pretty good, it thus happened that, although the winners were not a first-rate crew, the time occupied by the race was under twenty-one minutes, being the shortest time in which the distance has been done. The only noticeable feature in the preliminaries was that Cambridge won the toss, which she had lost on seven previous occasions, on all of which she had been defeated. If any partisan of Cambridge had been inclined to draw from this circumstance an augury of success, his confidence would have been considerably abated, or altogether taken away, by comparing the style of the two boats as they pulled down towards their stations. It was said that Oxford showed to more advantage than she had done in any of her trials. Certainly she showed a superiority in force to Cambridge, and inspired a belief that she would hold together under a strain which would cause her antagonist to crack. The inference drawn from this preliminary canter, if we may so call it, was exactly justified by the issue of the race.

The causes of this lamentable failure deserve careful investigation. If things go on in this way, a larger number of people will be collected year by year to see a smaller sight. It is wonderful that, as boat-races have grown more popular, the art of rowing has declined at Cambridge. This art is not so difficult as might be inferred from the quantity of words in which directions for performing its processes are conveyed. Indeed, the difference between the styles of Oxford and Cambridge is explained with great simplicity in descriptions which have been published of the race. One critic says that Oxford won "by the use of their legs," which is equivalent to saying that the Oxford crew rowed and the Cambridge crew did not. Another critic says that Cambridge "went to pieces under a racing stroke," which amounts to a declaration that her crew were unfit for the work they had to do. Competent observers of the race were heard to say that in former days they would have been surprised to see such a performance as that of Cambridge in a college race; and if a "coach" had seen it in a trial spin, he ought instantly to have stopped the boat. There can hardly be a more humiliating spectacle than this of Cambridge exhibiting "how not to do it" in the sight of an enormous multitude of spectators. We do not desire to enter into the question whether or not the choice which the Cambridge crew made of a "coach" on this occasion was judicious. Probably the best "coach" is a man who has rowed in a winning boat, or at all events in a good boat, during the last few years. But it may be doubted whether the faults which the Cambridge crew displayed could be corrected by any "coach" within the time available after the crew was formed. Men who are unacquainted with the elementary principles of rowing can hardly be taught them in six weeks. But if Cambridge men would make up their minds to begin to learn rowing now, there is nothing to prevent their becoming proficient by this time next year. Unless a radical improvement can be effected, it would be far better to break the custom of an annual race; for one cannot help feeling that a performance like that of last Saturday is ludicrously disproportioned to the interest which it excites throughout the country. We do not of course forget that this year's crew was formed under unusual difficulties. The lamentable death of Mr. Gordon deprived the boat of what would probably have been its strongest oar. The oarsmen of last Saturday did not put themselves into the boat, and, being there, they did their best to win. It is far, therefore, from our intention to cast any censure upon the crew; but we will say that the system which can produce it must be about the worst that it is possible to conceive. If Cambridge cannot row, she had better give up rowing; but we will not believe that she has fallen beyond recovery. On the contrary, we would say to the crews which will meet next term upon her river,

Yet time serves wherein you may redeem  
Your banished honours, and restore yourselves  
Into the good thoughts of the world again.

#### FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

WHILE most members of Parliament gladly take advantage of the short recess to escape from the sound of political turmoil, Mr. Fawcett refreshes himself by attending public meet-

ings, and advocating the claims of women to the suffrage. This is not a seasonable time for the renewal of a discussion which, to say the least, is not free from eccentricity, since the public mind is fully occupied with more pressing subjects, and almost every one would admit that it is as yet too soon to ask for an extension of the suffrage in any direction. But Professor Fawcett regards all such considerations as these with the contempt of a man who has pledged himself to accomplish an object, and who believes that it is his duty to promote it at all times and in all places. Many men, in entering upon political life, think it necessary to associate their names with some special pursuit, and the studious men who have of late years been returned to Parliament seem particularly susceptible to the fascination of this idea. Those who truly respect the past labours of these public teachers cannot avoid observing with regret that they have selected for their favourite hobbies enterprises which are almost universally acknowledged to be fanciful or absurd. Their larger and wiser plans for human advancement are neglected. As soon as they are face to face with practical legislation they abandon every design which has a practical character to recommend it. All Mr. Mill's proposals for the benefit of the poorer classes have been merged in the one scheme of universal suffrage, stripped of the checks and balances which he has so forcibly recommended in his writings. Mr. Fawcett, again, can find no work more useful than to demand a concession in favour of a class which does not demand it for itself, and which would not make use of it if it were granted. We cannot suppose that a man who puts forward so many pretensions to be the special friend of the poor is all at once convinced that what they need to lighten their burdens is woman suffrage. In one of his books, more particularly addressed to working-men, he has dwelt upon emigration as an acknowledged means of improving the condition of the labourer. The Professors have of late adopted the theory that emigration is a proof of bad laws, and Mr. Fawcett can, therefore, no longer be expected to advise working-men concerning the facilities for reaching countries where there is more work to do than there are hands to do it. But other fields are open to him. A philanthropist so untiring and sympathetic might beneficially devote a part of his energies to such subjects as the improvement of the Poor-laws or the promotion of primary education. Mr. Fawcett has, however, unfortunately magnified caprices until they have assumed the importance of the greatest ends. While other men are absorbed with one of the most troublesome problems which can well be presented to a nation in time of peace, Mr. Fawcett is busily blowing bubbles for the amusement of women who are unable to find an outlet for their too abundant energies in domestic life. The value of philosophers in the actual business of the world does not seem to have been under-estimated by their habitual antagonists.

On the 20th of May, last year, seventy-three members of the House of Commons voted for Mr. Mill's proposition to admit women to the franchise. In a Reformed House Mr. Fawcett hopes for a result more favourable to his own opinions, and hence his persistent attempts to keep life in the "agitation" are not destitute of a practical aim. He may possibly succeed in persuading the working-men whom he gathers round him that the hardships of their lot will disappear if their wives and daughters are numbered as free and independent electors. We are inclined to believe, however, that his arguments will make less impression upon this class than Mr. Mill's reasons produced upon the House of Commons in 1867. Professors may talk learnedly about political economy, but the working-man is in a position to comprehend at once the disturbance of all domestic economy which would be produced by his wife taking to the stump, or canvassing for a candidate to whom he is opposed, when she ought to be washing his children or cooking his dinner. There are two sections of the community whose views Mr. Fawcett has not taken the trouble to ascertain, although he has assumed that they are on his side, and used them to give authority to his arguments—the views, namely, of married men in the poorer orders, and of the women whose time is already fully taken up with the natural duties of their sphere. It will be manifest, even upon slight reflection, that Mr. Fawcett has chiefly fixed his eyes on women who have plenty of leisure for political occupation, and who need the excitement which the active participation in great party struggles might be expected to afford them. But this is not the case with women belonging to the class which Mr. Fawcett professes to be so anxious to serve. The demand for votes does not come from them. Shocking as the statement may appear to Professor Fawcett, the vast majority of them have never heard of his name or of his wonderful specific for their happiness. Give women votes, and they would, so Mr. Fawcett appears to suppose, naturally elect as their representative one of their sisters; though in this conclusion also we believe him to be completely mistaken. Their love for their "sisters" is not always the ruling passion of their nature, and it is not difficult to imagine candidates against whom a woman would have no chance when women were the electors. But Mr. Fawcett holds a contrary opinion. He looks forward to the time when a maiden speech will be heard in the House in very truth. The wives of members will in that day be members themselves, and after that it would be difficult to refuse them admission to clubs. The arrangement, perfect as it seems to Mr. Fawcett, might not give unqualified satisfaction to every one of his fellow members. It is to be feared that there are still some men left in the world to whom the great recommendation of clubs and the



House of Commons is that thither their wives cannot follow them. Professor Fawcett is of a different temperament, and we respect that temperament too much to quarrel with it. We know that under the Mosaic dispensation it was ordained that, when a man took a wife, he was not expected to charge himself with any business for a whole year, but, on the contrary, was expressly enjoined to stay at home and "cheer up his wife." Professor Fawcett's plan is a considerable advance upon this ancient system. He would have a man carry his wife into his business, and give the woman the man's part to play in the world. The question is—and it is a question which never receives fair treatment from the Professors—do women themselves want this change, and, if they wanted it, would it be good for them?

There is no sensible woman who is not fully aware that to force her into the vortex of political life would be to inflict upon her a grave injury. Even in the United States, where the limits of the suffrage are not restricted by conventional prejudices, women instinctively shrink from close contact with the fierce passions of political warfare. In Kansas itself the women did not ask to be allowed to vote. Mr. Fawcett, with a confidence in the future which is not without a certain pleasing charm, does not hesitate to affirm that the wife will always agree with her husband upon a political issue, and thus the peace of families will not be disturbed by the innovation he is anxious we should accept. If he pursued his inquiries a little further among his married acquaintance, he would probably find that this confidence is not universal; but what we have to consider is the certain truth that the women whose influence in political life would be of the best kind are the very women who would studiously refrain from taking part in the business of politics. They know—and it is surprising that Mr. Fawcett does not know it too—that a woman could not touch that pitch without being defiled. They are well aware that, if women have a just and enlightened object to gain, or any real grievance to redress, their influence is not powerless, even in the present composition of society. They neither desire a vote, nor would they use it if one were thrust upon them. No doubt there are other women, of meddlesome instincts, with innate capacities for intrigue, delighting in manoeuvre of every kind, and consumed by vanity and the desire to render themselves conspicuous above others, who crave to make speeches from the hustings, and to lead a triumphant body of patriotic and quarrelsome females to the polling-booth. But are we to make a change in our Constitution, such as even democratic communities reject, at the instigation of virulent women, reinforced by impassioned doctrinaires? Women whose opinions men intuitively respect are accustomed to treat Mr. Fawcett's pleas on their behalf with derision. They know the secret of their influence, and they know how to make that influence felt, far better than he can teach them. Let Mr. Fawcett discuss his scheme exclusively with women for a few months, and hear what they will say to him. He would be less dogmatic afterwards, for he would ascertain that no true woman would imperil the advantage she has now by entering with men upon a contest in which defeat would be always imminent, and victory could bring no honour.

But, says Mr. Fawcett, women are suffering under the "cumulative injustice" of centuries, and their wrongs can only be redressed by conferring upon them a share of political power. He further contends that, in the present state of affairs, women's minds are "not attended to." In order to give a woman an interest in public affairs you must allow her to vote. We have all heard the same kind of reasoning before. It is, in fact, borrowed from the nursery. The child will not take an interest in its lessons unless you promise it a sugarstick. We have not so low an opinion of the female intellect as Professor Fawcett appears to entertain, and we shall therefore not answer arguments which are chiefly adapted to infantile capacities. Women have ample opportunity of making their wrongs known to mankind without haranguing crowds from the hustings, or moving abstract resolutions against elderly or ill-favoured Ministers in the House of Commons. Moreover, it would be found that some of the most grievous wrongs of women are of a nature which legislative injustice cannot be suspected of causing. The truth is, that the practical side of this question has never received intelligent consideration from its advocates. The suggestions in its favour are nearly all based upon that sentiment of hollow chivalry and feeble romance which is often singularly found to exercise a mysterious and potent influence over the imaginations of men who live much in the closet. All "manias" are dangerous to them, but manias about women are fatal. The subject is beyond them; and although their treatment of it commonly brings out a beautiful simplicity of disposition, it reflects no lustre on their wisdom. On the whole, we fear that Mr. Fawcett's sublimated theories are too fine for this hardworking world. Women have now a recognised work to do, and all sensible women know what that work is, and are proud to do it.

#### THE CASE OF M'ANDREW v. SAUNDERS.

THE insurance trial to which six days of the Kingston Assizes have been given up is chiefly remarkable for a question which it has raised, but not settled. At one point in the proceedings a plea was introduced which would have given the Court an opportunity, evidently much desired by the Lord Chief Justice, of determining the light in which the law regards a contract of marine insurance; but this plea was afterwards withdrawn by the defendant for reasons which, though honourable to himself,

only serve to make the need of such a decision more apparent. The material facts of the case were these. The plaintiff is the owner of the *Smyrna*, an iron screw-steamer, which was built for him in January, 1864, at a cost of about 33,000*l*. In returning from Odessa last November the *Smyrna* encountered very stormy weather, and on the 3rd of December she was abandoned by her crew on the coast of Holland. In the preceding January the steamer had been insured for 36,000*l*, and the year for which the insurance held good not having expired, the owner gave notice of abandonment to the underwriters on the 5th of December, and claimed payment for a total loss. The *Smyrna* was recovered, however, almost immediately, and on the 11th of December she was brought into Hull. The underwriters thereupon refused to pay the 36,000*l*, and contended that they were only bound to defray the cost of repairs. The plaintiff declined to take the ship back on these terms, insisting upon his claim for a constructive total loss, and with this view he brought the present action against the underwriters.

It appeared in the course of the trial that, although insured in January, 1867, for 36,000*l*, the *Smyrna* at that time was only worth 20,000*l*. This fact was not denied by the plaintiff's counsel, and indeed appeared from the evidence of his own witnesses. The Lord Chief Justice thereupon put it to the counsel whether they could, under any circumstances, recover more than the actual value of the ship. In answer to this, they quoted the case of *Irving v. Manning* before the House of Lords, in which it was held that, where the value of a vessel is named in the policy, the owner is entitled, in the event of a total loss, to recover the amount stated, irrespective of the real worth. The Chief Justice doubted whether this case would bear the conclusion it was now sought to found upon it, arguing that if the underwriters were estopped from pleading that the vessel was worth less than the sum stated, the owner would be equally estopped from pleading that a vessel which has been recovered and put into the same condition as when insured can be worth less than the sum stated. And further, the excess of assurance over value upon which *Irving v. Manning* turned was not an intentional excess, whereas in the present case the plaintiff was aware at the time of effecting the insurance that the *Smyrna* was not worth 36,000*l*. The counsel for the defendant then proposed to add a new plea, to the effect that the vessel had been wilfully over-insured without the knowledge of the underwriters. To meet this plea, the plaintiff undertook to prove that it was the custom of underwriters to over-insure; but the evidence of the insurance broker who was called to establish this did not do more than show that the underwriters liked high values better than low ones—assuming them to be true. On Monday morning, however, the new plea was withdrawn, it being evident that the defendant had gone on insuring the *Smyrna* for the same sum year after year, when he must have perfectly well known that her value was continually diminishing by reason of wear and tear. It is most desirable, however, that the question thus ineffectually stirred should be settled at the earliest opportunity. If the law really sanctions contracts of this kind, the reasons for altering it are abundantly clear, and their weight is only increased by the fact that over-insurance is a trade custom, and that the underwriters are as much responsible for its prevalence as the owners. If one party had to be kept in ignorance of the real value, it would be more difficult for the other to grossly over-estimate it; but when both are alike cognizant of, and indifferent to, the actual state of the case, there is nothing to check an indefinite extension of the system. That the practice is altogether opposed to public policy does not need proof. It puts a strong temptation to fraud in the way of the ship-owner, since by sacrificing a vessel worth 10,000*l*, he may pocket insurance money to the extent of 20,000*l*. It is inimical in the highest degree to the welfare of merchant seamen, since their safety is necessarily lessened by every withdrawal of an inducement to owners to keep their ships in good condition. "I confess," said the Chief Justice, "that to my mind this is a state of things much to be deprecated. Insurance has always been deemed in its nature a contract of indemnity. It is obvious that if the parties are allowed to get their vessels or their goods insured at sums far beyond their value, and underwriters are ready to insure at such sums, then insurance becomes a system of gambling. Now we have, unfortunately, quite gambling enough already in this country, and nothing is more to be deprecated than the extension of it to insurance, and above all to insurance on ships. For it is obvious that, if a man can insure a comparatively worthless vessel for much more than the real value, he will have a direct interest in sending leaky and unseaworthy vessels to sea, to the manifest danger of their crews."

The withdrawal of this proposed plea deprived the case of much of its interest for the general public, but the points on which it was ultimately decided are sufficiently curious to deserve notice. The common-sense view of the case seemed to be that if the plaintiff had his ship returned to him, sound in all respects as upon the day she was insured, he would have no ground to complain. In law, however, the insurers have not an unrestricted choice whether they will repair or not. The owner is allowed to claim for a constructive total loss, if he can show that the ship cannot be repaired at such a cost as would make it the interest of a prudent owner not insured to repair her at his own expense. The case mainly turned, therefore, on two facts—the cost of repairing the vessel, and her value when repaired. If it could be shown that the former item, when added to the present

value, exceeded the latter, a prudent owner would not incur the outlay; and it was admitted that in this event he could claim as for a total loss. The evidence upon both these points was singularly conflicting. The plaintiff's witnesses variously estimated the cost of repairs at from 20,000*l.* to 25,000*l.*, and, with one exception, they agreed that when repaired the ship would not be worth more than 15,000*l.* The defendant's witnesses, on the other hand, maintained that the repairs would only cost about 10,000*l.*, and that the ship, when repaired, would be worth at least 20,000*l.* The discrepancy as to the value when repaired was partly explained by the fact that the two estimates were calculated on different principles. Both sides agreed that the market value of a ship might be very much less than her value to the owner; but the plaintiff insisted that the former was to be taken as the standard, while the defendant discarded the market value altogether, and contented himself with calling witnesses to prove the value to the owner. In this way another point arose in addition to those presented by the case at starting. A great deal of time was consumed in inquiring into the cost of repairs. It is no wonder that the two parties could not agree as to the money to be spent, since they were altogether at issue on the preliminary question what it was to be spent upon. Shipbuilders on one side talked of reconstructing 140 feet of the hull with 450 tons of new iron. Shipbuilders on the other side denied that it was necessary to reconstruct more than 70 feet of hull, and that for this purpose only 40 tons of new iron would be required. The outside cost of the repairs, calculated on this latter basis, including some alterations which would make the ship actually stronger than she was at first, they put at 10,000*l.*, whereas double that sum seems a reasonable enough sum in proportion for the repairs suggested in the opposite interest. In support of the smaller estimate the defendants relied greatly upon the fact that when the *Smyrna* was abandoned she had on board a cargo of grain worth 34,000*l.*, which was found, when she reached Hull, to have suffered no material damage. This, they contended, was conclusive as to the absence of serious leakage, and where there was no leakage there could be no great amount of straining.

On the sixth day of the trial the Chief Justice summed up the case for the jury. He regretted that for their present purpose the value stated in the policy must be taken as the real value, and after this sorrowful farewell to the withdrawn plea, he proceeded to reduce to something like order the various points which had been raised. There was no possibility of reconciling the opposing statements as to the cost of needful repairs; but he called the attention of the jury to the fact that the owner's interest clearly pointed to making out a total loss, and thus obtaining the 30,000*l.*, while the view taken by the defendants was borne out by much of the evidence as to the state in which the vessel returned to Hull. It was further to be noticed that the attention of the plaintiff's witnesses seemed to have been directed not to the point really in issue—the cost of putting the *Smyrna* into the same state in which she started—but to the cost of putting her into such a state as would make her worth the sum named in the policy. As to the true criterion of value the Chief Justice agreed with the insurers. The point to be determined was, whether a prudent owner not insured would have repaired; and in settling such a question for himself a prudent owner would be influenced by the worth the ship would be to him in his particular trade, much more than by the price for which he could sell her. However, the Chief Justice ultimately stated the question to the jury in both forms—first, whether the expense of repairs would be more than the selling value; secondly, whether it would be more than the value to the owner. Besides this, several other distinct issues were submitted by the Court to the jury, and the form in which this was done reflects the highest credit on the patience and acumen of the Judge. After all, however, the only question of much general interest, the criterion of value, was left unsettled. The jury found that the vessel would be worth repairing, since, even taking the lower or market value as the standard, there would be a substantial surplus after the repairs had been paid for. This amounted to a verdict for a partial loss only, and consequently gave the victory to the underwriters. It is an unsatisfactory feature in the case that, after incidentally starting such grave legal difficulties, it should have ended by solving none of them. Now, however, that so much doubt has been thrown on points which necessarily enter into every contract of marine insurance, it is not likely to be long before they are the subject of further litigation.

#### PICTURES OF THE YEAR.

VI.

DECORATIVE art has instincts of its own which, if blindly followed by artists who occasionally practise it, may seriously injure the quality of their other work. The purpose of decorative art being decoration, its aim is outside of itself, and it sacrifices some of the most valuable qualities of painting as an independent art in order to fulfil with efficiency the peculiar duty assigned to it. Painting which does not attempt to be decorative aims at pictorial excellence only, without concerning itself in the least about its utility in the adornment of a house; and it is so entirely self-reliant and independent that everything else has to give way to it—both the frame that surrounds it and the paper of the wall on which it is hung, and even, when the owner is wise enough to submit entirely to the imperious exigencies of an imperial art, the very carpet and furniture of the room. And the higher the rank

of non-decorative art the less does it work for the first glance of the passing eye, so that its very highest developments can only be said in a very secondary sense to appeal to the eye at all, except as the organ which is to carry ideas to the mind. When painting becomes simply decorative, it may still retain great mental qualities, but it is no longer independent—it no longer controls or disdains its surroundings, but is to a great extent controlled by them and submits to them. The highest pictorial work is always full of infinite subtlety and mystery; but decorative art cannot be mysterious, and must make itself plain enough to be read at the first glance. This necessity for plainness of statement involves, in art as in conversation, a thousand departures from the truth. Truth is almost always so complex that it cannot be fully stated without many reserves, and an elaboration that usually ends in mystery and obscurity. It is difficult to get a spectator to see the truth, or an audience to listen to it, for the simplest facts are usually so elaborate that only a specially educated audience can follow the full explanation. Decorative art does what a lawyer does if by chance he is called upon to state a case in a drawing-room—it leaves out all that cannot be readily apprehended, and makes the rest as obvious as possible; it abandons mystery, and gives in its place an artificial clearness which is not nature, is not truth, but has the merit of being intelligible to everybody. There is another point also in which decorative art may be said to resemble drawing-room conversation; if it has partially abandoned truth in order to be intelligible, so also the artist foregoes the statement of many of his own private feelings in order to take his place in the general order, and becomes conventional—not from insincerity, but from the necessities of the situation. If further comparisons were necessary, it might easily be shown that there are certain functions and occupations of men which answer to decorative art, and others which are more nearly related to that which is independently pictorial. An English king, if he performs his duties well, is a decorative artist; but a poet usually works on the other principle, endeavouring to express what he believes to be best in his own mind, with very little reference to his situation relatively to others. All good decorative work which has hitherto been produced has been conventional and disciplined, whilst conventionalism and discipline are usually hostile to the other kind of art, which rests on individualism. And although great original artists have sometimes done good decoration, still decoration is dangerous to their other work, because it has its set methods—often temptingly easy methods—by which many of the vague uncertain dangers of true pictorial art may be avoided, the mere rejection of mystery being already an immense gain in point of facility. Decoration very commonly ignores light and shade altogether, and when it admits it, it admits it in such an arbitrary and partial way that the art of pictorial chiaroscuro may be fairly said to be out of its province. As for colour, the decorative artist needs a right appreciation of the harmonies of simple tints, but little beyond; and the subtle complexity of natural colouring gives him little anxiety, for he can always avoid it by retreating within the boundary of conventionalism. He may be a colourist in a peculiar and especial sense, as the Japanese are, which is much; but it is almost impossible that he should be a colourist like the great painters who have mastered the most subtle problems of the elaborate art of nature.

The most important composition in the present show at the Dudley Gallery is so strongly marked with the peculiarities of decorative art, that we have some apprehension of its influence on the practice of our younger school of painters in water-colour. Mr. Marks, in his "May Day," has adopted a manner much more suitable for wall-painting than for a picture which is framed and portable, and may be hung in the house of its possessor, as it is here in the Dudley Gallery, amongst works of a totally different character. Whenever Mr. Marks happens to receive a commission to decorate the hall of some country mansion in fresco or tempera he will do well to adopt this decorative mannerism, but he is spoiling his pictures with it, and running the risk of permanently stiffening his style. Let us see how in this particular instance the decorative principles have prevented the free expression of the artist's modern knowledge.

The picture is in three compartments, but as the subject is a procession, we may describe it without reference to the divisions, which are indeed altogether unnecessary, and, in these days of plate-glass manufacture, might easily have been dispensed with; the picture is not three pictures in one frame, but one picture divided into three by two slips of gilded wood. A boy leads the procession with a trumpet and a little drum, and here is a list of the personages that follow. A man playing on a horn; another on a bagpipe; a woman bearing a pole with flowers; three men with bells, dancing; a four-wheeled waggon drawn by two oxen, on the waggon a youth and maiden, the youth holding a staff with a gilded top, ribanded and garlanded; there is a boy on one of the oxen, and a little girl walking by the side, a man with a goad on the other. Mummers follow, one as man and horse, the man carrying the horse which is supposed to carry him, another in green scales as the devil, another in bear's fur as a savage, with chaplet and belt of holly; then come three children and a dog, and a monk, and a lady, and archers. The background is occupied by mediæval architecture, with many towers. The sky is blue, and there is a tree which shows its leaves all separately.

We said that the work was one picture divided into three by slips of gilded wood, but the ominous peculiarity is that it does



not much matter whether it is divided or added to, lengthened or shortened; if there were two or three feet more of it, the owner would have so much more in quantity without injury to the rest, and if both the side-pieces were taken away, the middle one would do very well without them. The truth is, that this is not so much a picture as a piece of a frieze, and it might go on *ad infinitum* like a riband. So there is no particular relation in colour between one part and another, except that the whole has been painted in exactly the same state of mind; and criticism of chiaroscuro is here unnecessary, for there is none to criticize. Still worse evils than the mechanical equality of bright colours, and the absence of light and shade, are the rigidity of every outline, and the simple filling up of the spaces between the outlines with material scarcely more studied than if it had been stencilled. The truth is that, before he can come to paint in this manner, a cultivated modern artist has to divest himself of two-thirds of his science, and unlearn the art of seeing. We have admitted that for certain especial purposes, such as the decoration of an entrance hall, it may be well to simplify art in this way; but, if pictures are to be painted on these principles, art is going into second childhood. Hard outlines, no light and shade, bright colouring up to the rigid lines, absence of subtlety and mystery—these are the eternal principles of the art of young children, and the recurrence to them is bringing back art to its infancy. If Mr. Marks chooses to amuse himself in this way now and then, as Bracquemond did when he designed his coarse but very effective dinner-service, we have no objection; but even the case of Bracquemond is a warning, for although he is endowed with the most masculine abilities, his etchings are almost always spoiled by the rigidity of his outlines.

Mr. Spencer Stanhope's "Ariadne in Naxos," in the same Exhibition, is intentionally peculiar in manner and in the arrangement of material, but it would be unjust to stigmatize this peculiarity as affectation. An artist may have for his aim an especial effect upon the mind, not to be attained without intentional quaintness; and though Mr. Stanhope puts himself outside of purely modern feeling, so as to expose himself to the bitter disdain of the large class who believe that when a man does not express the commonplace sentiment of his age, he is necessarily either affected or insane, still we believe that, for the particular end in view, he has used the right means. There is some poetry in his Ariadne, which would have evaporated if the landscape had been conceived on the principles of modern realism and the figure posed according to modern ideas of grace. There is a very dark blue sky with very white clouds coming against it, and the masses of distant trees are curiously heavy and impenetrable, though various enough in shape. There is very fine expression in the gnarled trunks just behind Ariadne, and their wild movement is continued in her flying hair and in the folds of her drapery. The odd, unbeautiful line of shore, and the formal little waves, are strictly in the same feeling. The colour, though arbitrary, is good. Dark blue sky, dark green trees and grass—on this a harmony of blue, and white, and gold, for Ariadne's dress and hair, the white repeated in the clouds, are its principal elements.

Mr. Arthur Ditchfield has contributed several landscapes to the Dudley Gallery which are remarkable for an especially tender sentiment, but unless in future Exhibitions he touches some other range of feeling, he may be justly accused of monotony. His colour is sweet and agreeable, but it is as limited in range as his sentiment, being founded entirely on green and gray with little interludes of purple or yellow. It is often a practical advantage to an artist to repeat continually the same harmony, because at last he comes to do it with the certainty of a confectioner who confines himself to one sort of cake; and it is not necessary to go any further than Claude for an instance of a landscape-painter who achieved fame by the repetition of the smallest possible number of effects. Mr. Ditchfield has much in common with the delicate but narrow genius of Claude; he is often, indeed usually, exquisite in sentiment, but the feminine element predominates in his poetry. His "Sunrise, a composition, Paris and Enone," shows the love of softness and suavity in its extreme issues. The artist has not ventured out of his own harmony of green and gray with pale yellow and purple, and this sunrise in this land of the Ideal is the most soft and delicate of sunrises, gently suffusing the pure sky with a gradually increasing light. The lines of the receding mountain have tender cadences in their flowing, and the trees that shade Paris and Enone are harmonious in sylvan grace, even to the poisoning of their outermost leaves. The execution, which would be detestable in work of more realistic pretension, seems right in this vague land of dreams. There is scarcely a touch or a wash left anywhere without subsequent stippling, though the stippling is usually of a very delicate kind, infinitely removed from spottiness. It is scarcely man's work, however, after all, but seems as if it had been done by some delicate and accomplished lady. Mr. Ditchfield's "Nymphs Bathing on the Shore of a Lake" has the same tenderness, and an appearance of yet greater delicacy on account of the slenderness of the trees. He seems capable, in the world of reality, of truly appreciating the especial loveliness of French rivers. The water-colour entitled "On the Seine, near Paris," is remarkable for a very lovely and characteristic group of trees; and the two subjects, "Sunrise on the Seine" and "Sunset on the Seine," though of quite extraordinary simplicity, and depending almost exclusively on sentiment, are enough to show that the artist has felt the true influence of the great rivers. Their poetry is wholly their own, and differs widely from that of lakes and mountain streams. Perhaps the flattest, and to most persons

the least interesting, parts of the Seine and the Loire, are the most suggestive to those who, like Mr. Ditchfield, are able to feel their especial and peculiar influence.

Several other pictures in the Dudley Gallery deserve attention. Mr. F. Halliday's "Homeward Rookery" is a rather strange but perfectly true evening effect, with rooks returning to their wood. The foreground is a very dark green field with some dark water, and beyond this are some close and formal plantations, curving with the curving of the land. The sky is pale green, and the clouds are masses of cumuli taking a rose reflection from the unseen after-glow opposite. All this is very true, and very odd, and very solemn, and we like it. Mr. Arthur Severn's sketch "Near Torquay" is brilliant and manly in execution, though somewhat strong in colour; it is true and real sketching. So Mr. Alfred Perry's "Bull in the Roman Campagna" is admirably sketched, especially its head. Mr. Coleman's "Silvery Day on the Thames" is one of the most perfect little works of its kind we have seen for a long time; the colour is exceedingly fresh and beautiful, and the effect quite truly rendered. Mr. J. J. Bannatyne's "Moonlight on Loch Ard, Perthshire" deserves mention for its truth of effect; and Mr. J. C. Moore's "Tiber, three miles from Rome," is honest and clear work, remarkable for good drawing of the forms of earth (in river-bank and distant hills) and a frank look of open air and daylight.

## REVIEWS.

### THE SPANISH MYSTICS.\*

MYSTICISM is a phase of religious sentiment, or rather of religious thought—for it touches on both the moral and the intellectual nature of the soul—common to every creed which has exercised a real and lasting influence on mankind. The severe character of Judaism, with its sharply defined outlines of doctrine and temporal promises, left less room for it than a belief which centres in the Person of an incarnate God. Yet the Psalms and the Song of Solomon, if we are to attach any weight to the interpretations of Christian commentators, are deeply tinged with mysticism. Even Mahometanism has had its contemplative dervishes, and Buddhism reckons its monks and hermits by thousands. If there were no mystics among the ancient Greeks and Romans, with the solitary exception of the Pythagorean attempt at a kind of monastic discipline, it was because to them religion was a matter of poetry and art, or a function of civil life, rather than a spiritual affection or a conviction of the reason. But Christianity, which has more profoundly influenced and moulded the human mind than any other form of faith, true or false, has been the great school of mysticism. And though Protestantism is commonly supposed to represent the subjective, and Catholicism the objective, element of belief, there can be no doubt that the Catholic mystics have greatly outnumbered their rivals of the Reformed Confessions. The Church, indeed, often looked with suspicion during their lives on the wanderers from the beaten track of popular orthodoxy whom she honoured after death. There have been two great outbursts of mystical devotion in her communion (we do not of course forget that France and Italy have also had their schools of mystics)—one during the fourteenth century in Germany, preceding the first mutterings of the Reformation; the other coeval with its early triumphs during the sixteenth century, in Spain. Tauler and Henry Suso, the leading prophets of German mysticism, were suspected of heresy in life, though the latter has since been "beatified," and both are claimed by Protestants to this day as their natural precursors and allies. Louis of Leon was five years in prison; St. Theresa, the great heroine of Spanish mysticism, narrowly escaped imprisonment; and St. John of the Cross was actually incarcerated by the Holy Office at Toledo; yet the last two are canonized saints. Nor can there be any doubt, as regards the great body of either the German or the Spanish mystics, of their entire and even passionate loyalty to the Roman Church. To inquire why Protestantism has proved a less congenial soil for the growth of this kind of religious earnestness would carry us too far from the more immediate subject of the work before us. It is obvious, however, to observe that an atmosphere of intellectual conflict is unfavourable to meditation, while the implicit acceptance of an unquestioned dogma secures at once the leisure and the subject-matter for its exercise. The question raised in the introduction to the present volume, as to the historical origin and significance of the galaxy of Spanish mystics who cluster round St. Theresa, is capable of more direct reply. And it has a literary and national, no less than a psychological, interest from the fact, very justly insisted upon by M. Rousselot, that mysticism is the real philosophy of Spain; she never had any other either in mediæval or later times. The Jesuit theologians, Suarez and Mariana, were great thinkers, but they were more of moralists than metaphysicians. And experience shows, what might have been anticipated *a priori*, that the development of philosophical speculation is generally in an inverse ratio to the dominating force of religious sentiment:—

Ce n'est pas des travaux de plusieurs générations de penseurs, de leurs témérités, de leurs doutes que sortira le mysticisme que nous nous proposons d'étudier. Issu de la foi, essentiellement catholique dans ses origines et dans ses fruits, il ne restera cependant pas en dehors de toute conception philosophique, non dans la masse, mais chez ses maîtres et ses guides. Ce ne sont pas des

\* *Les Mystiques Espagnols.* Par Paul Rousselot, Agrégé, Professeur de Philosophie au Lycée Impérial de Dijon. Paris: Didier et Cie. 1867.

philosophes qui deviennent mystiques, ce sont des mystiques qui ne dédaignent pas d'étudier les philosophes : la philosophie n'altère en rien l'originalité ni surtout la spontanéité de leur inspiration première ; elle ne crée pas leur mysticisme, elle s'y introduit on s'y adjoint.

This helps to suggest a general explanation of the phenomenon of Spanish mysticism in the sixteenth century ; but a glance at the circumstances and previous history of the country will lead us to a more exact appreciation of it. What admirers call the religious spirit, and hostile critics the bigotry, of Spain, is the result of a course of events which have gone far to identify patriotism with Catholicism as an integral constituent of the national character. Up to the end of the sixth century Spain was Arian, and when converted to Catholic Christianity under King Recared, in 587, she espoused and defended her new creed with a jealousy and fierceness of affection which may be compared to the Protestant feeling of our own country in the reign of Elizabeth. To be a loyal Spaniard was to be a loyal Catholic. Nor was this a mere evanescent phase of sentiment. The constant presence of Moors and Jews, always at secret or open enmity with their Christian fellow-countrymen, kept it alive in all its pristine intensity for centuries, till it became ingrained into the very life-blood of the people. As our author puts it, "in defending her religion Spain was defending herself." And, accordingly, the clergy became, to all intents and purposes, the supreme authority in the country. The long line of Councils of Toledo—half synods, half parliaments—of which no less than fourteen assembled between the third in 589, when the too famous *Filioque* was added to the Nicene Creed, and the sixteenth in 693—concerned themselves with questions of all kinds, from the doctrine of the Incarnation to the laws of the realm and the succession of the dynasty. The King reigned, but the Council generally governed, or, to say the least, he only governed through it. Moreover, the manifold divisions of race, climate, and natural temperament in different parts of Spain—containing at one time a hundred separate States—could only be welded together by the bond of a common religious sentiment into national unity. Castilian and Andalusian, Catalan and Valencian, Galician and Aragonese, with all their varieties of habit, circumstances, and culture, became one nation through their devotion to one faith. And hence the establishment of the Spanish Inquisition—which was not imposed from without, but a spontaneous growth from within—in the thirteenth century, and the horrible cruelties of which it was afterwards guilty, bear some analogy to the persecution of Roman Catholics under Elizabeth, and the penal laws against their religion in Ireland, which till comparatively recent times disgraced our Statute-book. It was the outcome of the religious sentiment taking the shape of patriotism and national pride, which had quite as much to do formerly with the greatness as since with the decadence of Spain.

And if the Inquisition was one expression of the same peculiarities of national character which found another vent in mysticism, it also had a direct influence in creating the mystical literature of the Reformation period, by making almost every other kind of literature impossible. Cardinal Ximenes at the beginning of the century, finding the clergy sunk in the grossest ignorance, did much according to his lights to promote intellectual culture, especially by founding the University of Alcalá, multiplying printing-presses, and editing the Complutensian Polyglot, which was a decided advance on contemporary versions of the Bible, though far, of course, behind the standard of modern criticism. But he too kept a strong hand over any heretical tendencies of the press. He refused permission for a translation of Scripture into the vernacular, maintaining that it ought to be confined to the three languages inscribed on the Title of the Cross ; he burnt a valuable collection of Arabic works variously reckoned at 5,000, 80,000, and 1,500,000 volumes, and strenuously supported the Holy Office. By the rules of that office, no work could appear without special authorization, and the author, printer, seller, and reader of unlicensed books were alike liable to confiscation of their goods, excommunication, and even death. The noblest literature must wither under such a system, and a country which had none, or next to none, except romances, mystery plays, and Lives of Saints, was not likely to take a new start in producing one. The Spaniards had never been a speculative people, and philosophy was, of course, next to heterodox theology, the most dangerous subject to meddle with, when error, or suspected error, might bring the delinquent to the stake. Nor does the philosophy of the Spanish Arabs appear to have excited any appreciable influence over their Christian fellow-citizens. They borrowed much from the Arabs in manners, language, dress, architecture, and mental deportment—if the expression may be allowed—but very little of positive opinion or modes of thought, and still less from the Jews. Nor do the writings of the German mystics of the fourteenth century seem to have been known in Spain. Their mystical literature was a native product of the soil, fostered by the peculiarities of their history and national temperament, and brought to the surface by the backwater of the great current of the Renaissance and Reformation movements then sweeping over Europe. Neither of these movements had much direct influence in Spain ; what little there was of Protestant aspirations was promptly and completely stamped out by the Inquisition, as an offence equally against Church and State. One safety-valve alone was left open to the higher moral and intellectual life of the people—though even that, as we have seen, was not free from danger—and those who in France or Germany might have become heresiarchs, in Spain became mystics. It was their way of fighting Protestantism with its own weapons of subjective

faith. It is also true, as M. Rousselot observes, that at an epoch of moral and religious revolution those who shrink from the agony of doubt and the strife of tongues are naturally impelled to take refuge in the hidden depths of an inner world of belief and contemplative fervour, where controversy cannot penetrate. The religious idea, unable to expand freely without, is thrown in upon itself, and takes the shape of mysticism. The romance literature of Spain, which idealized chivalry as the mystics idealized religion, contributed something to the same result. St. Theresa had been passionately fond of it in her youth, and "Amadis of Gaul" was the favourite study of Ignatius Loyola at the beginning of the long illness which fixed his new vocation. It was no violent transition to pass from such works to the *Autos Sacramentales* of the poets or the Lives of the Saints. Some of the mystics, as Louis of Leon, were themselves no mean poets, and their influence again reacted on contemporary poetry, and even on art. Lopez de Vega, Calderon, and Murillo were their natural interpreters to the outer world. And it is an observable feature of the Spanish mystics that nearly all of them wrote in their own language—which they did much to mould and perfect—and thus appealed, not to a select few, but to the great mass of their fellow-countrymen. Their piety was essentially of the Western, not of the Eastern, type, and did not withdraw them from the ministry of religion or the duties of active life. They wished to purify society, not to leave it and found a new Thebaid. And their writings differ from those of the French mystics of the next century, and the mediæval mystics of Italy, in having a more practical scope, and dealing less (partly through the pressure of the Inquisition) with philosophical or theological speculation. On the other hand, they have more in common with the German mystics of the fourteenth century ; both movements were of national and spontaneous growth, and had no contact with scholasticism ; the latter, indeed, was a reaction against it. But even then the German writers, Eckhart especially, betrayed unconscious germs of that pantheism which blossomed more fully two centuries afterwards in the system of the Protestant Jacob Böhme, and later again in the Hegelian school of our own day. Of this the Spanish mystics show no trace.

We have purposely dwelt on the general characteristics and origin of Spanish mysticism rather than on the individual writers whose lives and works are examined in detail by M. Rousselot. For a fuller account of them, those who are interested in the subject may be referred to his pages. St. Theresa and St. John of the Cross are the best-known of the group. The former is one of the very few Roman Catholic devotional authors who have attained a certain popularity beyond their own communion. The complete works of St. John of the Cross were published four years ago in an English translation, with a preface by Cardinal Wiseman, and were noticed at the time in our columns. The Cardinal directs attention to that practical and common-sense feature of their teaching to which reference has been made already. It was, or was certainly intended to be, the mysticism of common life, and not exclusively of the cloister. And it is very observable that all authentic portraits of St. Theresa represent her, not as she has been idealized in fancy pictures into a swooning hysterical visionary, but with firmly set, almost masculine, features, and an unmistakable look of resolution and strong sense. Both she and her friend and disciple, St. John of the Cross, led lives of incessant activity. In another respect the Cardinal's estimate of them throws light on some remarks of M. Rousselot's when he insists on the minute familiarity of these writers with Scripture, and their habitual use of it in their devotional systems. This was clearly due in great measure to the impetus given to Biblical studies by Ximenes. If one result was to produce in his own University of Alcalá a few Protestant writers, who were speedily obliged to quit their native soil, "deadly to every non-Catholic doctrine," a more prominent effect was seen in the scriptural basis of the writings of the mystics. Into the metaphysical and psychological questions necessarily involved in the subject, as a whole, we have no space to enter here. It may suffice to recall the words of the late Sir J. Stephen, in his biography of St. Francis Xavier, which few thoughtful readers would care to dispute, that "whatever may be thought of these voices from within, it is at least clear that nothing magnificent or sublime has ever yet proceeded from those who have listened only to the voices from without."

#### LORD LYTON'S MISCELLANEOUS PROSE WORKS.\*

IT is difficult to get at an independent standard of comparison, if we would try the literary merits of one age against those of another. Literature is nowadays much more prosperous and honoured than it was in times almost within living memory ; but how far is the modern author's successful venture in life due to his intrinsic merits, and how far to the favouring gale of circumstances ? How much have the models, the traditions, or even the solid legacy of accumulated genius and learning, which one generation inherits from another had to do with the prosperous issue of the voyage ? Scarcely less difficult is it, in the case where authorship is many-sided, to lay the sum total of success to its true account in the balance-sheet of public estimation ; to assign the author's true and characteristic *forte*, and to estimate his real and lasting place in the ranks of posthumous celebrity. Most difficult of all, experience shows, is it for the

\* *Miscellaneous Prose Works.* By Edward Bulwer, Lord Lyton. 3 vols. London : Richard Bentley. 1868.



author himself to form the estimate in question, or to light upon the secret of his true strength or popularity. Petrarch, pluming himself upon the scholastic depth and subtlety of his dissertations, and the classic ease and purity of his Latin prose, has scarce a thought for his flying sonnets. Milton, gravely bent upon political theories and polishing his classic periods, feels half ashamed of the frivolity and the waste of the *Allegro* and the *Comus*. Shakespeare, scornful of the plays which brought him fame, position, and New Place, trusts to live among posterity by his carefully studied sonnets. Do we not see Newton greater in his own eyes when muddling himself over the Apocalypse and the Book of Daniel, than when unveiling the mechanism of the universe, and revealing the mysteries of light? Are, then, the successful men of letters in our own day to be thought more sagacious in hitting the mark of their own powers or popularity? Is it as the profound and impartial historian, or as the brilliant essayist, that Macaulay will go down to after ages? What may be Mr. Disraeli's explanation of his own success we are pretty much left to conjecture. His whole rise may lie, to his view, as wide apart from intellectual force or versatility of any kind, and be as much due to the modest culture of the moral virtues, as that of Lord Westbury himself. Safer than the worship of the wayward goddess of reason is it to be throughout on the side of the angels! Or it may be that our Premier of to-day cherishes the political and theosophic truths of *Comingsby* and *Tancred* with a fondness denied to the imaginative flights of *Vivian Grey*, *Ixion*, or *Alroy*. Lord Lytton, it is well known, makes no secret as to where the strength of his genius lies, or upon what base the monument of his fame is to be reared. It is not as the novelist, but as the poet, of his generation, that he bids for immortality. *Pelham* and *Paul Clifford* and *Maltravers* are but the infantine puppets of the genius whose prime of manhood gave the greatest of epics to the age. *The Caxtons* and *My Novel*, even the mystic *Zanoni*, and its more weird counterpart *Strange Story*, may die unregretted, so that justice be done to the undying power and beauty of *King Arthur*. At what mark in the scale of his intellectual efforts the author would have us place the lately published volumes of his *Miscellaneous Prose Works*, it is not for us to say. His prefatory remarks tell us little more than that they consist, with a single and slight exception, of reviews and literary papers, written at intervals during a series of many years, and now brought together in a collective form. They neither affect to represent the writer's systematic views of history, philosophy, or criticism, nor do they enable us to fathom what may be the deepest and most mature convictions of his political or historical belief. Lord Lytton has for years so accustomed us to his absence from the arena of public life, that the announcement on his part of anything that seems likely to trench upon themes of public interest must arouse a certain amount of natural curiosity. So seldom is the House of which he has for some years been an ornament edified or enlivened by his eloquence, that we might hope to find his diploma of elevation, if we may so speak, justified by the more lavish amount of energy thrown into the products of his pen. We confess, then, to some disappointment in glancing over these fugitive and slightly connected essays and sentimental outpourings. No thread of metaphysical or psychological unity can be seen running through the whole. There is no such revelation of self-consciousness as in the case of that singular preface to the series of Bulwer fictions in which the novelist spoke under a half-assumed personality or behind a semi-transparent mask. If, as the world believes, and as that strange confession seemed to avow, the writer has lived in and through the successive heroes of his creation, the phase he is now at may be that of his own Audley. Withdrawn from the vulgar throng and the sordid cares of statesmanship, the recluse of politics may discourse in veiled but suggestive sentences upon the philosophy of public life, the ethics of public men, and the tendencies of popular ideas. Audley, it may be, waits to be called forth, the Cincinnatus of a divided and imperilled commonwealth, to heal the wounds of party, to preach the brotherhood of humanity, and to set on high, as the creed of a united and happy people, the grand abstractions of the Good, the Beautiful, and the True. Meanwhile we must be grateful for such adumbrations of the coming millennium as things present and past are made to project by the interior light of the oracle. One peculiar charm of Lord Lytton's philosophy of life is its general roseate hue of harmony, benevolence, and love. The political and biographical essays which make up the first volume of the present series form at least a delicious alternative after the severe and somewhat cynical diet on which we have been nursed in certain of the more recent schools of historical criticism.

The sketch of the Reign of Terror is pervaded with the soft glow and tender sentimentalism of Lamartine rather than the lurid glare and fierce outlines of Carlyle. It is hard to believe that the article before us was the later written of the two, so little is Lord Lytton's estimate of the times, and of the leading actors in them, affected by Mr. Carlyle's work. For the "fatalist" theories of MM. Thiers and Mignet he has yet greater repugnance. He is still impressed with the belief that the Revolution was itself all that checked and fatally ruined the course of wholesome reform of which the then existing institutions of Church and State were the embodiment. All the evil was owing to the violence and haste of a few turbulent and bloodthirsty leaders. "Never, perhaps, had liberty advantages so great as those which France possessed, and threw away—namely, a population of one mind, and a king whose heart was with his country." One mistake seems to have been made, but for which, "without a revolution, unless the mere

assembling of the *tiers état* is to be so called, without, in short, violence and convulsion, France under Louis XVI. and his noble son (tortured to death by the cobbler Simon) would have had a Representative Assembly on the broadest basis, a Government managed with the severest economy, a press carried on by the freest regulations, and, more than all, hearty sympathy and love of every land where civilization can free the limbs or elevate the mind." This Utopian state of things would have come about if only "the populace had not been permitted to take the Bastille." Never was there more virtue in an "if." Alas! that Lord Lytton does not tell us how the taking of the Bastille was to be prevented:—

Until, by the siege of the Bastille, the Populace were permitted to take the law into their own hands, there was no fear for the safe progress of Opinion; and the events of 1789-94 would have changed their character, and been known by the name, not of Revolution, but Reform. Popular principles had only to be temperate in order to be permanently successful. The King was prepared to yield; the state of the finances placed him and his hostile Court at the irresistible command of the Assembly; the nobles, the Church, and the men of letters were, on the whole, pervaded by the spirit of the time. Nothing could have prevented the most lasting compromise of all interests, had what is properly Revolution, namely, Illegal Violence, not usurped the place of Constitutional Improvement. At this period, the temper of the times, so far from being yet sanguinary, was for the extinction of capital punishment. We repeat and insist upon the truth that the Movement had only to abstain from violence in order to have carried reform to the highest point which the liberty and enlightenment of the Age could have desired: the moment that movement passed into revolution; the moment LAW, instead of being corrected, was resisted; the moment the populace were permitted to indulge passion and to taste blood; the moment, in fact, Force began—Reform ceased.

In "Pym versus Falkland" we meet with the same theory of turning-points or crises in great political movements at which the personal intervention of the leader of the minute gives the keynote to all that follows. "The day on which Pym first took from the senseless brain of Haselrig to his own scheming intellect the question of the militia, was the parent of that day when Cromwell's pikemen removed the 'bauble.'" Lord Lytton's readings of history are the distinct opposite to those of the positive school. In his battle-pieces, as in Homeric combats or in scenes of Assyrian or Egyptian art, the heroes, kings, and mighty men carry on the fight, heedless of the pigmy masses at their feet.

The articles that please us most in this collection are the more directly biographical ones, such as those on Goldsmith and Schiller, the latter of which is well known as forming a prefix to Lord Lytton's translation of the German poet's *Poems and Ballads*. A certain vein of sentiment, sympathetic between the two authors, lends an additional interest to the narrative. The undertone of romance which makes itself heard through all the utterances of Lord Lytton's genius permits, indeed, too little play to the severer voice and more sedate judgment of the historic muse. Philosophic depth of thought and logical grasp of the problems of history are not what we are to look for in the volumes before us. We do not see here the mental stuff of which the great teachers and guides of mankind are made. And this serves to explain why, of all men at all his equals in the attributes of genius, Lord Lytton is the one who has left the least impression upon the literature of his day. He has many admirers, but not a single imitator. With the days of albums and Books of Beauty, Bulwerism, as a style, has passed away. So far from forming a school, or being aped—as Mr. Dickens, Mr. Carlyle, or even Mr. Kingsley can be aped—by a clique of lesser mannerists, Lord Lytton's is precisely the cast of thought and style of diction which our second-rate caterers for the public taste are most careful to eschew. His transcendental moods of thinking are too loftily remote for a matter-of-fact and materialist generation, and the stilts upon which he seems to be always walking in his artificial periods leave to the would-be imitator no alternative but burlesque. Grace, elegance, and other signs of the highest culture are, however, never wanting, and there is a courtly air in his way of touching common men and common things which may form a highly pleasing contrast, in the eyes of many, to the rude and unpolished freedom which will only call a spade a spade.

The last volume consists simply of a reprint of *Cartoniana*, which we noticed at the time of the first publication of the series. The intermediate volume is made up of essays and articles, not dissimilar in scope and subject, written in days nearer youth. It is chiefly interesting as enabling us to trace in the green tree those idiosyncrasies of the author's genius and mental character which his maturer volume lets us see in the dry. The tendency of the whole is curiously to confirm the estimate we were previously led to form of his mental *ethos*. They set in the clearest light what we may term the *causa vivendi* or *raison d'être* both of the writer and the public man. Seen from the point of view of age and experience, this revelation of youthful feeling seems even too candid and open to satisfy the author himself. This is emphatically the case with what we should single out as the most characteristic of the series. The keynote of the whole is struck in the essay on the "Want of Sympathy," written, we are told, at the age of twenty-two. The youth here is father to the man. The gush of juvenile warmth is indeed too much for the veteran sentimentalist, and the republication of this early *confessio amantis* is accompanied by a note of apology, pleading for "such excuse as may be conceded to youth." We are referred to a paper in *Cartoniana* for the more sober view which has been engendered by years and experience. The yearning of the youthful heart finds vent in a burst of feminine, almost hysterical, sentiment. "The

cherished dream of the young is to meet with a wholly congenial spirit, an echo of the heart, a counterpart of self. Who ever lived that did not hope to find the phantom, and who ever lived that found it? It is the least rational and yet the most stubborn of all our delusions." It is deplored as "a melancholy instance, too, of the perversity of human wishes, that they who exact sympathy the most are, of all, the least likely to obtain it." And this craving for sympathy is set down as one of the most distinctive marks inherent in the poet. "The coarser and blunter minds, intent upon common objects, obtain it. But where is the finer sense of genius to find the equal object that alone can satisfy its craving for fellowship and sympathy?" We fear that nowhere but in the mirror of Narcissus will that second self be met with. Such a heart looks in vain out of and beyond itself for the *alter ego* of its worship and of its admiration. "Our purest motives, our noblest qualities, must be misunderstood. We die—none have known us! One perhaps of the number shall write our biography, prate of us as if we were household and hackneyed from our cradle. But we go down to our sons' sons darkened and disguised, so that, looking on men's colourings of our mind and life, from our repose on the bosom of God, we shall not recognise one feature of the portrait we have left to earth."

From this melancholy outburst of boyish Werterism we are bid to turn to Lord Lytton's later exposition of the same mode of feeling. In an essay "On the Sympathetic Temperament" we find the writer appealing to the "manly, yet somewhat mournful self-dependence" of Goethe. "To desire that others should sympathize with us is a great folly." It is very well for Goethe, in whom the womanly element never held a place, to declare, "I never desired any such thing." It is a different matter to come to this conclusion through the chills of disappointed hope. Goethe, too, is doubtless speaking of sympathy for the poet, author, or artist. But no strictly intellectual sympathy will satisfy the soul constituted as we have seen it portrayed in these confessions. "No one is all poet, author, artist; every demi-god of genius has also his side as man. And as man—though not as poet, author, artist—he may reasonably expect sympathy. Such a sympathy, so restricted, will probably not be denied to him." But even this qualified draught of the cup of sympathy seems to cheat the thirsty lip, even through the effort which Tantalus makes to seize upon it. "The elegant Alcibiades of the drawing-room, snatching his social success through the quickness of his constitutional sympathy with the manifold humours of those around him, won by this pleasing talent from the steadfast devotion to graver duties which impels the man of sterner temperament or more rugged fibre, finds himself fall short in the ultimate race of distinction." It is not so much the author as the man whose plaint here falls upon the ear. "His is not that solid reward which is obtained by men on whom nature has less generously bestowed the endowments of which the charmers of society are the amiable spendthrifts":—

"The touching and exquisitely beautiful line in which Cowley alludes to the unprofitable favour of the Muses, applies (at all events nowadays) with far more truth to the Graces—

"Where once such fairies dance no grass doth ever grow."

The darlings of the drawing-room are those whom the dispensers of official power are delighted to meet—are those of whom the most respectable members of the class that form public opinion are proud to gossip; but do they aim at anything solid—any position which official power can give, and public opinion ratify—the duller drone who, at all events, comes out of a hive, has a better chance of obtaining credit for industry than the dazzling butterflies whom we only know as the flutterers over flowers. Precisely because we so contentedly allow a drawing-room value to the man whose sympathies with the drawing-room are more vivid than ours, we believe that out of the drawing-room he counts as zero. Hence, his *amour propre* courted by the highest in directions which cost him no trouble, rebuffed, by the highest and lowest alike, in directions which would cost him a great deal of trouble, this favourite of the Graces accommodates his ambition to those successes with which graver men do not vie, and which graver men do not envy, simply because they look on such triumphs as certain indications of failure in the objects which they covet for themselves. They continue their own course, with a steadfast eye to the goal, and, looking back, cast a gracious smile on the male Atalantas who could indeed outstrip them by a bound, but who halt in the race to pick up the golden apples.

Musing on such a subject, the author at all prone to self-anatomy can hardly help laying bare much of the workings of his own inner spirit. "Praise me, Sir, praise me," it was Sir Godfrey Kneller's habit to say to his sitter; "how can I throw any animation into your face, unless you animate me?" The writer who seeks fame through the portraiture of mankind cannot write under the freezing influence of silent lips and unmoving hands. "For their own sakes the world ought to clap and cheer on those who are working for their admiration, for the work is better done, and so their praise brings them very good interest." Some men, indeed, can do nothing good without being braced by encouragement. "It is true," the essayist sighs, "that is a vanity in them. But, then, vanity is a very useful humour on the stage of life." And the more earnestly would he recommend some softening and mitigation of that old English candour which "consists in eternally telling us our faults, but having too great a horror of compliments even to say something pleasant as to our merits." Hence, too, his especial horror of "philanthropists, especially of the softer sex, who so lavish the cream of human kindness on the bad that they have only the skimmed milk left for the good, and even that is generally kept till it is sour." Is, then, the thirst for praise, *dorus hydrops*, to grow fiercer for the draughts it has drained through life? Is the whole heart to grow sick because the flatteries easily won by the youthful graces of *Pelham* press not round so thickly or so warm when the

wasting form needs the adventitious aids and elegances of art? Is this the fitting or the only end to the battle of life? Is there no better end for the hero we saw go forth chivalrous, scornful, self-reliant, than to sink into the jaded valetudinarian, crying quarter for his literary weaknesses, and pleading for the allowances generously accorded to age? Instead of the nerves being braced by discipline, and the iron of the will hardened by the rough impact of life, is the vigour of manhood to wane once more into the weakness of youth, and the evening of the intellect to resemble its dawn in everything but its freshness? Are we to look in vain to hoar hairs and ripe experience for the cure of morbid self-consciousness and the insatiable greed of praise? There was a period when the true admirers of Lord Lytton's talents looked upon with hope as a turning-point in his career. With the *Caxtons* it seemed as if a vein of nature had been reached in the mine of his intellect and heart. Simplicity of style gave an air of unwonted relief where all had been so artificial, and the stilts seemed laid aside for a natural and spontaneous gait. The first half of *My Novel* kept up this promise of a renunciation of the vices and foibles of youth. But in the latter half we found ourselves brought round again to the inevitable True and Beautiful and Good, and other ethical abstractions in capital letters, to the magic flute and all the detestable enormities of early Bulwerism. These temporary glimpses of nature were nothing, after all, but the artificial pastorals of Watteau, and these chaste and smiling groups but the simpering graces of Greuze. And the same inveterate leaning to the mannerism of the euphuist and the tinsel of the stage which deprived his best novels of their highest charm, will be traced through those writings in which nature should be more conspicuously paramount, where the love of truth should exclude all that is false, unreal, or strained in art, and where the dignity of thought should disdain to wear the mark of unreality. From beginning to end of the *Miscellaneous Prose Works* we long in vain for one touch of genuine unsophisticated nature. The leaven of artificiality has too continuously and too deeply leavened the whole lump.

#### LYELL'S PRINCIPLES OF GEOLOGY.\*

A CORRECT conception of the principles of geology is necessary to the right understanding of the phenomena of physical geography. The vulgar notion of physical geography is that it consists in a bald description of the earth as it now exists, of the configuration of its continents, islands, and seas, its mountain ranges, table-lands, plains, and volcanoes, its lakes, watersheds, rivers, and river valleys, and the animals and plants that more or less inhabit great and small areas of the earth's surface. To this may be added an account of certain meteorological phenomena, such as the direction taken by prevalent winds and ocean currents, evaporation, precipitation, the origin of glaciers and springs, and all the peculiarities of modern climates. With commonplace writers and thinkers the world as it stands is apt to be looked upon as a constant quantity, and not long ago authors of a higher quality who dealt in physical geography scarcely carried their ideas beyond this mark. All that geology has to do with the subject was dismissed in a very brief space; and this method arose undoubtedly from the notion that, with slight modifications, the world and its inhabitants had been created pretty nearly as they are. But, as geology grew, it by-and-by became clear that in many respects the economy of the earth in which we live is evanescent, and in that economy viewed on a great scale, with reference to past changes, "there is no sign of a beginning, no trace of an end." If this be true, it becomes clear that physical geography has undergone an unknown series of gradual revolutions before it reached its present state—revolutions altering the shape, size, and distribution of continents, islands, and seas; and thus it happens that, without necessary reference to remote cosmogony, the world we inhabit represents the sum of all the forces, many of them purely geological, that have affected it in times past.

Physical geography, therefore, becomes in great part a mere branch of geology, and the more so that, as in dealing with modern geography the actual life of the world occupies a prominent place, so the history of geological epochs is half read by the light of paleontology; and where old times touch the new, they shade imperceptibly into each other. Old times are therefore read by help of the new, and it is impossible to understand the modern history unless we know its relations to the past. Hutton indicated this great fact, but, like all his contemporaries, was half ignorant of some of those details by the help of which modern science has made the relations of geology to physical geography more clear and precise. Had William Smith, with his empirical knowledge of fossils and special formations, grasped the idea of continuity undisturbed by sudden revolutions, he might almost have secured it. No man knew better the immediate dependence of the outlines of ground, and the distribution of soils, springs, rivers, and towns, upon purely geological phenomena; but the time was not then ripe for the application of detailed description of the precise means by which the existing forms of countries have been wrought out. After this branch of the subject had suffered a long interval of misapprehension or neglect, it was reserved for Lyell,

\* *Principles of Geology; or, the Ancient Changes of the Earth and its Inhabitants, as illustrated by Geological Monuments.* By Sir Charles Lyell, Bart. London: John Murray: 1867.



by an examination of "the changes known to have taken place in the inorganic creation," coupled with a treatise "on the changes of the organic world," to revive and insist on the idea that the study of all the details of modern physical geography is the true method by which the geological history of past periods may be unravelled; for we are now living in a geological period which will by-and-by become extinct, and, as far as its relics are concerned, leave traces not more definite than those which remain of the long epochs that preceded it. Therefore one of the great aims of modern geology is to indicate the connexion of the phenomena of the present world with those of older eras, and to grapple with those ancient physical geographies which were the precursors of the present, both as regards the inorganic and the organic world, without a close study of which no man can have a clear perception of the meaning of either.

The first edition of Lyell's *Principles of Geology* was published between 1830 and 1833, and since then, up to the year 1853, the book passed through nine editions. The first volume of a tenth edition is now before us, and it is not too much to say that few philosophical works have in their day more influenced the progress of science than Lyell's *Principles*.

The first eight chapters of the book deal with the history of the progress of geology; and the prejudices (far from extinct even now) that have retarded its progress. The great result obtained from this progressive knowledge is, that from the remotest times, in a geological sense, the march of events in the visible world has always in the main been the same in kind, and generally in intensity, as those of which we have present experience. Therefore, even the crystalline formations, such as granite, gneiss, and all the list of other metamorphic rocks, belong, according to Hutton, not to a distinct primordial period, for deep in the earth a process similar to that which in old times formed these rocks is still in activity; and thus it happens that metamorphic masses analogous to the Laurentian gneiss or the Silurian mountains of the Highlands are found somewhere or other, of almost every geological age. In this statement few of the better class of modern geologists will disagree, though a few who lag behind the times still hold opposite views.

In Chapter IX. Sir Charles Lyell partly discusses the "theory of the progressive development of organic life at successive geological periods," deferring, however, till the publication of his next volume the question whether the fauna and flora buried in each successive formation descended with modifications from the life that preceded it; for, if this be the case, those links in the record are often lost which marked the transition from species to species, from genus to genus, and from these to divergencies still wider. Those who are practically acquainted with stratigraphical geology will have no difficulty in applying this hint; for while in any conformable series of formations like those of the Liassic and Oolitic age, geologists constantly recognise recurring species, specific varieties, and representative forms not so far apart but that some liberal conchologists might consider many of them actually to belong to the same species, yet when actual and marked unconformities occur between formations, though many genera pass from the lower to the upper formation, the species in common are generally very few because so many links in the chain of time have been lost. In most cases there are none, or next to none, and indeed in the greater breaks in time, unrepresented by the presence of strata—like that, for example, between the paleozoic and secondary formations—not only do all the older species disappear, but numerous marine genera also vanish from the world, to be replaced by others unknown before. Here it is especially, on the theory of continuous descent with modification, that so many links in the chain of being would necessarily be lost, perhaps beyond all hope of recovery; while in cases of unconformity less important because so much is not lost in the gap of time, and in great series of formations where absolute unconformity is unknown, intermediate gradations of species, often large in themselves, but small by comparison, may perhaps be accounted for by variations of geographical, climatic, and other conditions, the values of which in remote times it is now impossible to trace.

We observe that Sir Charles has reconsidered and seriously modified the opinions he advocated in earlier editions with respect to the origin and distribution of species; and in Chapter IX. he has arrived at a conclusion with regard to plants different from that which he held in 1853, when the ninth edition of this book was published. Up to that time he distinctly rejected such hypotheses as that of Lamarck and the half-expressed leanings of Geoffroy St. Hilaire, and he showed no sympathy with the more erratic speculations of the author of the *Vestiges of Creation*, which nevertheless, as an effort in a given direction, made a strong impression on many minds discontented with the idea of an infinity of special creations of species, which had and have no bond of union between them except of a capricious kind. Now, influenced by the writings of Darwin, as far as we can judge by the first volume, he holds the view, though expressed somewhat guardedly, that the differences in classes, orders, and genera of plants, accidentally preserved in plant-bearing formations, are not due to special accidents of soils and diversity of botanical stations—for example, of the Coal-measures. Were that the case, according to the views now abandoned, under luckier accidents there might have been preserved in the carboniferous strata plants showing all the varieties of families and classes that mark the higher cretaceous, tertiary, and more recent formations. This supposition, so long a favourite, has

now been abandoned, and the theory of Darwin has been, we think, almost accepted by Sir Charles Lyell. The important result of this change of opinion is that "the oldest known flora (Devonian) was characterized by a great predominance of cryptogamous plants," that the sigillariae and coniferae "agree generally with those of the carboniferous strata," and that, while the bulk of the plants which form coal grew on the spot where they now lie buried, yet there are many others in the sandstones which must have drifted from distant high ground, all more or less alike, and very different from the flora of the upper cretaceous rocks which heralds, as far as we know, the complex vegetations of tertiary and modern times. "On the whole there appears, therefore, to have been an advance in the fossil flora in the course of ages"; or, in other words, during the Devonian and Carboniferous epochs all the grasses and flowering plants, including all our forest trees except coniferae, had not yet developed themselves from an older and inferior ancestry, assuming the probability that the views of Darwin are correct.

Turning to animal life, the fauna of the Silurian rocks was formerly considered by Sir Charles Lyell at once to "reduce the theory of progressive development to within very narrow limits, for already they comprise a very full representation of the radiata, mollusca, and articulata proper to the sea," and arguments were adduced to show that mammalian bones are never found in Silurian rocks, possibly or probably because these strata may have been formed in seas as far from land as the central parts of the Pacific. In 1853, arguing on the absence of marine mammalia in certain periods, he observes, "we can scarcely say more than that cetacea seem to have been scarce in the secondary and primary periods." Again, in the same edition, reasoning on the tertiary mammalia and the recent appearance of man, he says that the views proposed in the first edition of the *Principles*, published in January, 1830, in opposition to the theory of progressive development, "do not seem to require material modification, notwithstanding the large addition since made to our knowledge of fossil remains." For though continual changes in the position of land and sea have been going on, accompanied by fluctuations of climate, and though the animate world has been unceasingly adapted to these changes, no satisfactory proof has been offered "of any law of progressive development governing the extinction and renovation of species, and causing the fauna and flora to pass . . . from a simple to a more complex organization"; and therefore the principle of adaptation was not a continuous evolution of new and higher forms sprung from older ones, but local, and akin merely to present geographical arrangements of land and water which render it, under certain circumstances, improbable that higher forms of life should have been preserved in older strata. Very many orthodox naturalists, perhaps partly through timidity, rejoiced in this conclusion, and few disputed it, but some could not help feeling misgivings so serious that their minds revolted from it as inconsistent with many geological and palaeontological facts, and therefore possibly less logical than an opposite hypothesis. Having, however, no clearer proposition of their own to make, they rested in the hope that something in their estimation more philosophical would some day turn up. This hope was realized in the publication of Darwin's book on the *Origin of Species*, and so rapid has been the hold that it has taken on the public mind, that the language incident to the explanation of the "struggle for life," and the gradual evolution of new forms consequent thereon, has passed into the phraseology of every-day conversation. In spite of many obscure points and semi-contradictions in dealing even with the larger details of the subject, in a sort of summary of the question, Sir Charles now allows "that we have been fairly led by palaeontological researches to the conclusion that the invertebrate animals flourished before the vertebrate, and that in the latter class fish, reptiles, birds, and mammalia made their appearance in a chronological order analogous to that in which they would be arranged zoologically according to an advancing scale of perfection in their organization"; and with regard to the mammalia themselves the same kind of observation holds good. Followers of Darwin may therefore so far claim the authority of Sir Charles Lyell as having more than half abandoned his old weapons and adopted the newer style of fence, and to them, considering the well-deserved weight of his writings, this is a great gain; for just as the early acceptance by Sir Charles of the views of Hutton promoted the march of geological theory by many years, so in this later instance the force of his example will be felt, though in less degree, since not only is the original author of the theory still living and writing, but many other minds deriving their inspiration from Darwin are working persistently in the same direction.

(To be continued.)

#### PROFESSOR SHAIRP'S ESSAYS.

THE four articles which have been collected in the present volume excited an amount of attention and remark, at the time of their appearance in the *North British Review*, which more than justifies the writer in republishing them. They were felt to be marked with a certain delicacy of quality, an amplitude and ripeness of sentiment, only too uncommon alike in literature and in life. The study of Wordsworth is pronounced by the most competent judges to be one of the most singularly satisfactory

\* *Studies in Poetry and Philosophy.* By J. C. Shairp. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas. 1868.

pieces to be found in modern criticism. It will be understood that this is said in the only sense in which it could be said of a criticism on so great a poet that does not fill much more than a hundred smallish pages. Mr. Shairp's essay does not cover the whole ground, nor exhaust his subject on every side. It is probably much more likely to be useful than if it did so, because lengthy and exhaustive criticism is very apt, first to weary the ordinary reader, and, secondly, to perform for him the truly questionable kindness of saving him the trouble of using his own mind. Mr. Shairp's remarks are adequate, because, when they do not extend over the whole length and breadth of his subject, they at least are suggestive enough to show the reader what lies before him, and to stimulate him to venture on some exploration on his own account. The same is true of the essays on Coleridge and Keble. They are all on the highest plane of modern criticism, abounding in play and flexibility of idea, replacing the hardness and linearity of the old style of Jeffrey and Macaulay by a sinuous and subtle interfusion of spiritual elements, not dealing blows as with a hammer, but drawing out all the notes of a gracious harmony. It is often believed, by people who like to have thoughts presented to them in clear hard cubes, that any departure from the cubic style is sure to lead to mistiness and vagueness. Often, indeed, this is quite true. For inferior minds the only safeguard for solidity and a foundation is an earnest adherence to hard thinking, with as little allowance of sentiment as may be; otherwise they fall into the evil pit of a cloudy self-confidence that knows nothing well, but assumes to know all things better than well, that makes them neglect the understanding, because they can resort to the easier organ of the spirit. But when, as in Mr. Shairp's case, one finds wide and accurate intellectual training united to a keen and ripe sensibility for moods and ideas that are more, or perhaps less, than intellectual, the product is one of the very finest in literature, and without such a union, moreover, the finest is impossible. The development of meditation over the spiritual apprehensions of the mind is one of the most striking and peculiar characteristics of English thought in this century, and as such has naturally engaged Mr. Shairp, as it has engaged everybody else with a gift for brooding over the constant movements and changes of thought. On this direction of poetic and philosophic meditation his four essays all turn. Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keble—though with widely different degrees of intellectual grasp or depth—all represented hostility to the frigid, mechanical, external ideas among which, in England at least, the minds of the eighteenth century principally moved, and among which, as Mr. Shairp deplores, they seem now again, by a fresh reaction, to be exercising themselves. The fourth essay, on the Moral Dynamic, professes to be a prolongation of the views of the three which precede it. Wordsworth and Coleridge are names which stand for the infusion of spirituality into literature, theoretic morals, and actual conduct. Keble is the representative of the penetration of religion by this same depth and spirituality of devotion. In the Moral Dynamic Mr. Shairp seeks for something which shall persuade us of the vital and close bearing on each other of moral thought and spiritual energy. It will be seen that Mr. Shairp perceives what it is a characteristic fault of the English mind rather to scout—the fact, namely, that the movement of an age is the effect of some single and universal impulse, that some central idea enters into all the shapes and modes of thinking and transforms them all with a community of scope and purpose, that its politics, poetry, literature and all beside are but the manifestations of its central philosophic doctrine, however unconscious either the politician or the poet or anybody else may be of the energy that works at the back of his special activity. That it is philosophy which, in the long run, governs the direction and forces of a community is a truth too unfamiliar in our literature, where even philosophers appear somewhat timid of proclaiming what a colossal and decisive part it is which philosophy plays in practical affairs. After all, to see this it is only necessary that people should bethink themselves what philosophy is and what it professes to do. It is but natural that the dominant body of doctrine about the nature of truth, the possibilities of the human mind, the grounds of belief, the sanctions of morals and its standards, and so forth, should impress itself markedly and irresistibly on habits of thinking, that are, in fact, mere derivatives from it.

It is this conviction which has animated Mr. Shairp in every page of the volume before us. It is because he appreciates so justly and forcibly the powers of philosophic doctrine over all the field of human life—we do not speak of the justice of his appreciation of a particular doctrine—that he leans with such strenuous trust upon those ideas which Wordsworth unsystematically, and Coleridge more systematically, made popular and fertile among us. The philosophy of the present time he repeatedly stigmatizes as soulless and mechanical, and he finds it essentially incompatible with the highest and purest ideals of character. To be more precise, the points at which he finds himself at issue with the body of doctrine which in a new form has resumed its old supremacy in English thought are about as follows. The sensational philosophy leaves no place for the primal truths, transcending sense, by which the spirit lives, and which constitute the whole higher side of man's being. Analysing even these spiritual verities, it reduces them to an origin of sense, out of which they have been shaped by an associative quality in the human mind. This is a state of absolute degradation for them, compared with the glory which intuitionists bestow on them as the

elemental products of the pure reason, not to be grasped by mere understanding, but still furnishing the ultimate ground of belief. In this philosophy the inspiring and elevating ideas about freedom, about immortality, about God, rest on a far lower and more uncertain ground than if we confidently accept them as divinely implanted convictions, beyond and above proof, and therefore equally beyond and above refutation. Then, again, just in the same way, the utilitarian doctrine debases the sacredness of the ideas of right and wrong. As the sensationalist would trace the most complex and sacred conceptions to a groundwork of experience developed and amplified by such instruments as imagination, reflection, &c.—themselves the creations of experience in an earlier stage—so the utilitarian, who is generally the same person in another aspect, insists that right and wrong and virtue arise in the mind simply from the association of punishment and blame with one kind of action, and of praise and pleasure with the other, and that this association in turn springs from a regard to happiness. This seems to Mr. Shairp, as it does to many other persons of the most estimable kind, a mean, tame, and mechanical setting for ideas that to him present themselves as flashes of a divine light within the human breast, as direct utterances of the divine voice, and the ennobling and inexplicably purifying element in man. In a word, Mr. Shairp is a Platonist rather than an Aristotelian, a lover of Coleridge and an abhorrer of Bentham, a transcendentalist and the sworn foe of Mill and Bain, and all others who in their kind follow positive methods.

It would be absurd to attempt to discuss this great and unending controversy in the space of one or two columns. Mr. Shairp himself, we take it, scarcely means his essays to be regarded as a controversial discussion of the tremendously difficult and disputed questions which they open up, but rather as reminders for the younger generation of the beauty and force which many choice minds have found in the philosophy that is, for a time at any rate, out of general favour. The felicity of his language, and still more the elevation of spirit which his essays exhibit, will conciliate the good opinion of his readers. But, on the whole, he has given himself too little pains to see the good that belongs to the hostile system to take high rank as a disputant. As an expositor he is peculiarly attractive. As a philosopher, apart from the side we may take in the great arguments as to the origin of ideas, the standards of morals, the motive and spiritual force, one may perceive that he dislikes "the mechanical philosophy" too bitterly to be an authority about it. For example, is it at all just to talk of Lockes as "regarding outward things as the fixed reality which impresses representations of itself on mind as on a passive recipient?" Thinkers of this school no more conceive the mind as a passive recipient of impressions than they look upon the body as a passive recipient of food. Locke himself, as Mr. Shairp too grudgingly and insufficiently admits in the very next page, assumed a capacity in the mind to receive impressions, not only through the senses, but by its own operations when it reflects on them. Take even the most extreme kind of materialist. He would say that the reception of impressions, and their subsequent transmutation into complex ideas, are *a priori* conditions of nervous structure, but he would no more deny an innate activity, an energising capacity, than he would assert that a seed or a young tree is the passive recipient of the influences of light, air, moisture, and all the other things which promote its growth. Moreover, it is a little inconsistent to arrogate all the belief in a "free" energy in the soul for a system which more than its rival insists on the number and inevitableness of certain necessary forms of thought, about which the mind is alleged to have no choice.

Still more plainly in the exposition of the inadequacy of utilitarianism do we detect the same inclination to put a lower estimate and interpretation on the opinions of Mr. Mill, for instance, than perfect fairness would justify. For instance, it is not at all just to describe your adversary's deliberate and reasoned conclusions as startling inferences which have been forced upon him against his will by a subtle antagonist. "In order to adapt the utilitarian theory to the primary moral perceptions of men, it is necessary to go counter to the natural current of thought, and to give a twist to forms of speech which have interwoven themselves into the very texture of language. One of these strange contortions is the following opinion, that it is the penal sanction which makes men feel certain acts to be wrong; not that they are wrong in themselves, and therefore visited with punishment." That a mode of expression should seem a strange contortion is natural when you substitute a new and unaccustomed for an old mode of looking at things. Does Mr. Shairp doubt that at one time it seemed a monstrous twisting of forms of speech to talk of the earth going round the sun? Then look how accurately the opinion which Mr. Shairp is pleased to call a strange contortion describes the actual growth of moral sentiment in barbarous communities. To shoot a man for some slight offence is not thought a wrong act by a rowdy in places on the western frontier of America. But by and by this free shooting becomes offensive and inconvenient, and a penal sanction attaches to the prohibition of it, and men begin to think it wrong. Mr. Mill's way of looking at it may be a strange contortion of speech, but it is an uncommonly true account of an actual process.

In the next place, Mr. Shairp calls it a startling conclusion that men originally only desire virtue in order to secure pleasure or avoid pain; and that "the worth of virtue arises not from its own intrinsic excellence, but from its being the most important of all means to the general happiness." There is in all this a certain amount of what looks dreadfully like *mala fides*. First, to call



the reasoned conclusions of an antagonist startling, without showing that they are also unsound, is merely to implant a hostile prepossession in the reader's mind by a sidewind. The whole question is whether such conclusions *ought* to shock us. Secondly, it would have been more candid to give the utilitarians the benefit of their constantly iterated protest that by pleasure, happiness, and the like they do not mean, as they are supposed to do, mere pleasure of sense. Thirdly, if the utilitarian loves and reveres virtue as warmly and earnestly because it is a means of general happiness as Mr. Shaip's philosopher does on account of its intrinsic excellence, it is rather hard to see why the former should be flouted as a comparatively low-minded person. The utilitarian is as keenly sensible as anybody else to the intrinsic excellence of virtue; only he insists that the general happiness is the test of what virtue is. Again, it is hard to believe that Mr. Shaip remembered accurately any single chapter of Mr. Mill's moral writings when he said of him that "he seems to allow the existence, in a certain subordinate degree, of purely selfish sympathies." Apart from the general misrepresentation involved in such a remark, it happens to be particularly flagrant in this connexion, because Mr. Mill expressly rests the sufficiency of the ultimate sanction of the Happiness morality upon the spread of those influences of an improving civilization which will make the selfish sympathies seem to every man to be natural, instinctive, and as necessarily to be attended to as any of the physical conditions of his existence. The predominance of these sympathies is the only keystone possible for the utilitarian system. The truth is, that Mr. Shaip has fallen into the same mistake as one who should compare a homely root with all the graces of the flower. The theories which he assails are only scientific explanations of the rise of certain ideas, and scientific investigations of the test and criterion of moral conduct. Utilitarianism, sensationalism, and all other theories of this stamp are only conversant with *origines*. Their ideals of full-grown character do not differ from, nor are they lower in beauty and grace and richness than, the ideals of men with another view of the original nature of man. The motives of conduct may be fully as various and as lofty in the mind of the believer in utilitarianism as in anyone else. A conscientious character, an heroic character, a base character—are not all these types just the same in our estimation, whatever doctrine we hold as to the origin of moral ideas? Linnaeus did not love flowers less than his neighbours because he studied their classification and connexions as systematically as if they had been dry bones. Mr. Shaip gives too little credit to his antagonists for being quite the equals of the transcendentalists in reverence for virtue and conscience, in appreciation of self-sacrifice and spiritual elevation. Still, he is so fine a poetical critic, that one may almost forgive him the prejudices which he imports into his philosophical exposition.

#### UN CHÂTIMENT.\*

THE subjects which French writers take for their psychological romances are for the most part exceedingly painful, and very often worse than painful; but they are generally well worked out in their own line, and, if only analyses of crime, are yet exhaustive analyses, and terribly true to nature. No novelists trace the gradual education of a mind so carefully as they; none map out so accurately the sad progress from weakness to vice, or show so unflinchingly the steady deterioration of character under the influence of ignoble passions, and that conflict with conscience which always ends in conscience having the worst of it. Their machinery is the most simple possible, and they use only just so much incident as will make the meaning of their psychology plain. But with all this simplicity—this almost poverty of *matériel*—the class of books of which *Gerfaut* and *Horace* may stand as types possess an interest, from their consummate knowledge of human nature and their wonderful power of handling, which not the most dashing of our stories of adventure come near. But sometimes we have a failure. It may be in plot, as in *Fanny*; or it may be in treatment, as in *Un Châtiment*; and sometimes it is in both, as in that horrible *Germinie Lacerteux* which was only fit to have been burned by the common hangman, and of which we do not remember one redeeming quality. More frequently, however, these psychological studies, as their authors are fond of calling them, are successful, and give us true pictures of human life, if sad ones. *Un Châtiment* is not in this category; indeed it is not up to the mark anyhow. The author, M. Joanne, has attempted too much, consequently has done too little. He has endeavoured to draw the character of a selfish, vain, unprincipled, and heartless woman, who has always a latent germ of good beneath her manifold sins and iniquities, and who is finally brought to grace and repentance because of her conscience which never wholly dies, though to be sure it does get very nearly strangled out of existence altogether during the course of an exceptionally sinful life. No writer could attempt anything more difficult. The subtle touches which are required to show the feeble resolutions to draw back in time, yet ever the downward slipping into the unfathomable abyss, the careful delineation of the spiritual struggle of a soul before wholly lost, with the gradual ascendancy of sin, and the stealthy strengthening of passion, make about the most delicate work that a writer can cut out for himself. And it is just in this subtlety and delicacy that M. Joanne fails. His heroine, Valentine, falls too rudely, too suddenly, especially for a Frenchwoman in a "psycho-

logical study"; her passions are too violent, too animal, to be in harmony with her edifying end; and if she had been as gross and cruel in her selfishness during her youth as he has drawn her, not even the purifying influences of her forty-five years, of her last and only virtuous love, and a view of the Alps, would have made her what she was on her death-bed. All through the book there is this radical fault of a too weak exciting cause for the results which follow; and it gives an abrupt and jerky and incoherent tone, fatal to an analytical novel, where the merit lies in careful exposition of mental growth, not in startling surprises of incident. This is not often a fault with French analytical novels, which in general err on the side of prolixity and wire-drawing, and the very effeminacy of moral hesitation, so that one wishes the heroine would go to the bad at once, and have done with it, and not stand on the brink such an unreasonably long time, when we know that she must plunge in at last, and go to the destruction for which she is booked from the beginning.

Valentine has nothing of all this moral hesitancy. Born with about an equal share of carnal desires and worldly propensities, she passes her first youth in morbid dissatisfaction with the present and enervating dreams of the future, when her time of liberty shall have arrived, and she will be able to display the beauty which "from her infancy she had had the instinct to divine." By ill luck she falls into the hands of an unamiable and incompetent *institutrice*, whose portrait she draws with painful bitterness (*Un Châtiment* is written in the form of an autobiography), and at whose school she unfortunately makes acquaintance with her evil genius, one Caroline, a young lady from Paris, rich in beauty, intellect, and money, but absolutely destitute of every womanly virtue. Selfish, without heart or conscience or natural affection, she encourages Valentine in her naughty proclivities; each making the other worse; until the two became about as bad as young French girls shut up in a provincial school can be. When Caroline is seventeen her mother suddenly dies, and she is summoned home to the joys of Paris, and the glories she has been so long anticipating. The news of her mother's death does not affect her, after the first moment's surprise; she does not shed a tear, and her only remark is, "At last my turn has come," as she embraces her friend in parting. And Valentine is not disgusted at the "brutal frankness" of the words. Her own deliverance comes under somewhat different auspices. Her father dies ruined, and her mother dies soon after, leaving her to the care of an old grand-uncle and aunt who live in a miserable little house in the gloomiest part of a wretched little town, and who—old, miserly, and tyrannical—are just the most unfit persons in the world to have the care of such a combustible piece of humanity as Mademoiselle Valentine. Here she sighs and mopes away her life, without amusements and without interests, till one Sunday at mass she falls in love with a young infantry officer who makes soft eyes at her, and whose handsome face, black hair, elegant figure, and small foot she finds irresistible. Nothing comes of this "roman enfantin." She sees the handsome unknown only three times in all; but she is tremendously in love, and, were she not so carefully guarded, would commit some awful indiscretion which would compromise her for ever. Luckily for her, the old aunt, and Jeannette the servant, have a dim suspicion of the character they are required to guard, and she finds no opportunity for any communication until the charm is lost.

One day she is out with Jeannette, when the diligence from Paris arrives. The first passenger who gets down is a man of about forty years of age, tall, thin, sallow, and with a mild, sad face. He looks hard at the beautiful young girl, and follows her till she reaches home. Three days afterwards he calls at her grand-uncle's house; announces himself as M. Ernest Sabran; gives an abstract of his personal history, of his disposition, and of his fortune; and demands the hand of Mademoiselle Valentine, if "not antipathetic" to her. This is more in the style of the eccentric English nobleman of French romance than even the most "original" of native-born; but, next to English noblemen, French authors place the grave and studious middle-aged man of virtuous aspirations as the most likely to commit a gigantic folly, and to give away his heart and reason through his eyes. In love with the unknown military Adonis as she is, Valentine does not hesitate to accept M. Sabran's offer. He is rich, she is poor; he lives in Paris, she in a wretched little provincial town; he can take her into society, and she is dying to be taken; he can show her beauty to the world, and she yearns for nothing so much as the power to show it liberally. So she marries him in two months' time, and goes away in the diligence with the four white horses which brought him to the town; and while he is making his first speech to her in the character of wedded lover, she is thinking of the mass in the church below, and of the handsome young officer whom she will never see again. Even when recalled to herself she feels only disdain for the simple man who, trusting to appearances, believes her innocent, good, and worthy, and who is at this moment offering her all that should have contented her had she had a grain of conscience, affection, or even gratitude. But all her thoughts are in Paris, and the "mysterious pleasures" of the future; and she more than once feigns to be asleep, that she may dream at her ease of that future. This is very well for a young bride of eighteen on her wedding-day!

Five years now elapse. She is living in the Rue du Helder with her husband who adores her, and "refuses her nothing that she has the indiscretion to ask from him." She is rich, young, and beautiful; M. Sabran is absolutely faultless, and she has not the smallest pretext for reproach or blame; yet she is

\* *Un Châtiment*. Par Adolphe Joanne. Paris: Hachette et C<sup>ie</sup>.

sorrowful and weary. In fact, she is dull, and wants amusement and excitement. One evening she goes to the theatre, and there meets Madame Caroline with a young man—not her husband. Delighted at thus falling upon her old friend and evil genius, she disobeys her husband's wish, and renews the acquaintance eagerly. She finds that Caroline is a widow, that she is a bad mother, and that the young man in question is her lover—frankly told. But she is not shocked at the revelation, nor at Caroline's cynical confession of thoughts, deeds, and feelings which place her very far down indeed in the scale of improper women; she is only charmed at the prospect, through her help, of doing likewise. The opportunity is not long in coming. Caroline gives a dinner, and Valentine goes to it with her husband, who, according to the queer idea of nobleness common to French husbands in novels, thinks it his duty to allow his young wife to go headlong to the devil, if she has a fancy that way. To keep her back would be odious, tyrannical, severe; so all that he can do is to see that she makes her journey downwards as decorously as circumstances will allow, and to accompany her to the Rubicon. At this dinner they meet a certain M. Jules de Vesancy, asked for the purpose, who makes open love to the beautiful young wife of the grave and honest husband, and is received with an ardour quite as pronounced as his own. First interview as it is, Valentine ends the dinner by praying him, as a personal favour, not to go to the Opera that night, to see a *débutante*, as he had promised; he demands his reward. "What reward?" I asked smiling. "The happiness of seeing you again, at your own house, the soonest possible." "Why should you not be welcome?" "And to love you," he hastened to add, lowering his voice, "a little—much—passionately!" Valentine on this gives him her hand, which he presses warmly.

From such a beginning what could follow but ruin? After coquetting with her passion for a few weeks, Valentine resolves to meet her lover at the Bal de l'Opéra. Her husband knows perfectly well why, and she herself knows also why; but in spite of his final appeal, in spite of her own last dying scruples, she goes; and he goes too. As she leaves the ball with M. de Vesancy, hastening to her ruin, she hears a stifled sigh, and sees, leaning against the door, a man in a black domino and masked, who turns on her a piercing look. She shivers from head to foot. "Frightful mask," she says with anger, "go away; you have terrified me." When she returns home that night, or rather at four o'clock in the morning, she finds her husband dead in his bed. He has poisoned himself, as the best thing he can do for his passionate and faithless wife. The only thanks he gets for his suicide on her behalf is that she says to herself, with involuntary joy, "I am now young, beautiful, rich, and free."

Her passion for M. de Vesancy soon cools, as does his for her; and Valentine now seeks her pleasures in a multitude of loves, and a reputation for good dinners. Her vanity is insatiable, and she only lives to excite the passions of men. Among others, she besieges and momentarily conquers her sister's fiancé, M. Libert, who does not love her, but who ruins his own happiness and his betrothed's by yielding to an impulse for which he afterwards loathes and curses his destroyer. The incident is sufficiently revolting, and told with very little disguise; indeed, it is one of the worst passages in the book, both for taste and morals, decency and story. And it is quite unnecessary; being at the most only an episode. After this Valentine, like Caroline, goes on from bad to worse, till she falls in love with a young barrister, M. Fresnières. She is now forty, and he is a young man, who might almost have been her son. But M. Fresnières is virtuous, and does not feel drawn towards the loose-lived widow. To attract him she makes herself charitable, and acts the part of a tender Madonna, with a little success—very little; instinct and common sense speaking more loudly in the young advocate than they had done with poor M. Sabran. At last she confesses her love for him, but despairing of anything like passion from him, she offers to be his mother, and to make him her heir, if he will be her son and live with her. M. Fresnières asks time for reflection, and meanwhile makes inquiries about the past life of his would-be mother. He finds, what we know, that it has been worthless to the last degree; upon which he writes her a terrible letter, and declines her proffered adoption. Valentine falls senseless when she receives this letter, knocks herself about a good deal, and has a long illness in consequence. When she recovers she goes to Divonne, a little village not far from the Lake of Geneva, at the foot of the Jura, because M. Fresnières had advised it, and because M. Joanne writes guide-books. Here she takes long walks, hires a pony, sees fine views, and lives in the open air "with nature." Here, too, she sees her former military adorer, now grown old and ugly, a *debauché* of the worst type, and is thankful for her escape. And here she begins to die. She has an incurable disease which gives her great pain, and kills her when she is forty-five; but in the interval she repents of her former evil doings, and from a very bad sinner indeed, becomes a very respectable saint. Her sister, who had made herself a nun when her marriage with M. Libert was broken off, travels many miles to see her, and give her both blessing and forgiveness; she reads a letter of forgiveness which M. Sabran had left behind him to be given to her in fifteen years time. M. Fresnières a little relaxes his severity, and perhaps a little regrets his harshness; and she bequeaths her fortune to the children of a young widow with whom he is in love. Then she writes a few more last words, and in writing dies.

This is M. Joanne's book, and a wicked and revolting book it is—unnecessarily cynical in its vice, and unnecessarily expressive

in its details; the very cause of Valentine's conversion being one specially offensive to us English folks, who have never adopted the French theory of middle-aged women loving youths as the last effort of nature in that direction. Of course there are individual instances of such a thing, but we do not recognise it as the inevitable *finale* to a woman's erotic life, as our neighbours do; and consequently it does not form part of our philosophic analysis of character, as it does with them. To us, Valentine's love for M. Fresnières is quite as disgusting as her temptation of M. Libert; though from the one was dated her reformation, while the other was the lowest point of her fall. But M. Michelet has formularized this unseemly love as the almost inevitable conclusion of a woman's life, and we may expect that henceforth half the French psychological novel-writers will use it, as an incident which it is due to their knowledge of human nature to reproduce.

#### SALES ATTICI.\*

ALTHOUGH Mr. D'Arcy Thompson has had a glimmering of a good idea, in his *Sales Attici*, he can hardly be said to have won his way to the clear light. All credit is due to him for seeing that a good collection of the "gnomes" of Attic Tragedy would be welcome to the curious in adages and aphorisms; and for seeking to purvey supplies of them, not only for these, but for the uncritical tastes which might otherwise find less substantial and less wholesome fare in the pages of Mr. Tupper. And though it is doubtful whether there is enough of "wit," in our acceptance of the word, in the harvest-field of Athenian Tragedy, to justify the second or explanatory title of Mr. Thompson's volume, still the designation *Sales Attici* by itself would be an unexceptionable title for a book on the gnemology of the Greek Tragedians, since nowhere can be found richer heaps of old-world wisdom, nowhere a fairer harvest of "Attic salt." Putting wit out of the question, one might find terse, apt, pithy, pregnant sentences without number in each one of the Tragedians, and to a scholar the contrast between the tones of mind in all three must be an additional source of never-failing interest. The rough, sterling, high-soaring tone of Æschylus, and the milder, human grandeur of Sophocles, in their gnomic utterances, are as superior in quality to the glib, cut-and-dried maxims of Euripides, as the latter have the advantage of the former in point of quantity. Nor are contrasts the sole charm of such a collection as Mr. Thompson aspires to furnish. We can conceive no better index to the sentiments of Athens at her most brilliant period on the topics of religion, law, custom, order, on social, political, and moral obligations.

The scope, therefore, of *Sales Attici* is wide, and the field attractive; and, so far as collection and arrangement are concerned, Mr. Thompson's judgment and discrimination are sound. One might now and then grudge the introduction of long didactic passages, better adapted to an Anthologia of rhetorical flowers, or a sort of classical "Speaker." But as these are commonly stuck about with gnomic lines and sentences, one forgives the padding for the sake of the brilliants which it sets off. What we think detracts too often from the completeness of Mr. Thompson's labours is the license he assumes to set over against the words of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, free versions of his own, as vehicles for conveying their sense to English readers, which are nothing less than the *ne plus ultra* of out-and-out paraphrase. But can it be fair to these illustrious dramatists to represent their *dicta* and *dicteria* in language teeming with metaphors, tropes, and similes which were never so much as dreamed of by themselves? Perhaps the very reason why such a collection has been so seldom attempted may have been a reverence for grand monuments of language, with which to meddle is in most cases to mar them. A more respectful treatment was that of Mr. Boyes, who in his illustrations of the Tragedies of Æschylus and Sophocles set the finest parallels he could draw from a wide range of ancient and modern reading over against the grandest sentiments of those dramatists. Not so Mr. Thompson. He often quits the course of unadorned representation of the Greek for that of elaborate improvement upon it by the use of the most vagrant fancies and the boldest expansions; he shows how dangerous it is to be too much of a poet, when one is translating; he even leads us to suspect that, in some places, he has striven to justify the word "witty" in his title-page by importing into his English, *facetiæ* which have no place in the Greek. This may be our fancy; but it is based on an examination of some two or three score passages which bear out the theory that, after selecting his maxims and determining his title, Mr. Thompson bethought him that there was more wisdom than wit in the original, and set himself to square the balance by translation. If such a crotchet possesses a man, there is no saying where it may lead him, especially if it finds him not burdened with self-distrust. He passes his Rubicon when he gets over reverence for the letter; and thenceforth there is no end to eccentricities which the unlearned may be unfortunate enough to swallow under the name of *Sales Attici*. For instance, is it the wit (if wit it be?) of Euripides or Thompson which shines out in the translation of Euripides, No. 538:—

σοφοὶ τῶν ἀνδρῶν τῶν σοφῶν συννοοῦσι.

Poor Billy was a common thing,  
Till Bizzzy came and crown'd him king.

\* *Sales Attici*; or, the Maxims, Witty and Wise, of Athenian Tragic Drama. Collected, Arranged, and Paraphrased, by D'Arcy Wentworth Thompson, Professor of Greek, Queen's College, Galway. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas. 1867.



A couplet which, after a little pains, we have discovered to refer to William of Prussia and his Minister, Bismark. Another specimen of alien and, may we not add, scurvy wit, foisted into translation, occurs in the very same page (355), where four lines from the Hecuba are vulgarized after this queer fashion:—

οὐκ ἔστι θνητῶν ὅστις ἔστ' ἐλεύθερος·  
ἡ χρημάτων γὰρ δούλος ἐστὶν ἡ τύχης,  
ἡ πλῆθος αὐτὸν πόλιος ἡ νόμον γραφαί  
ἐργοναὶ χρῆσθαι μὴ κατὰ γνώμην τρόποις.

There be four things that keep us all from having our own way—  
Money, Fortune, Mrs. Grundy, and Policeman A (532).

And to illustrate, yet again, the error of trying to supplement the wisdom of Euripides with the wit of Mr. Thompson, we must ask pardon for quoting seven rather prosy lines of that didactic poet, and contrasting their solemn seriousness with the loose English dress and free-and-easy facetiousness in which Mr. Thompson introduces them to "the natives" (Eurip. 100, p. 218-19):—

φεῦ τῆς βροτείας (ποὶ προβήσεται) φρινός·  
τί τέμα τῶλης καὶ θράσους γένησεται;  
εἰ γὰρ κατ' ἀνδρὸς βίον ἐξοκώσεται,  
ὁ δ' ὕστερος τοῦ πρόσθεν εἰς ὑπερβολὴν  
πανούργος ἔσται, θύοις προσβαλεῖν χυθού.  
ἄλλην δέσσει γαῖαν, ἡ χωρήσεται  
τοὺς μὴ δίκαιους καὶ κακοὺς περικύτας.

"More rogues are now alive than on the day  
When I was born": so doth my grandam say;  
And knaves and scoundrels, so her grandam told her,  
Increased in number as herself grew older.  
If rogues breed roguery, and sinners sin,  
Gods! what a mess the world will soon be in;  
Our big round globe will itch with moral fleas,  
Crawling like mites upon a tasty cheese;  
And Heaven the poles must stretch to crack of doom  
To give infernal blackguards elbow-room.

It is hard to say which is here most unsuited to the idea of *Sales Attici*—the importation of "fleas" and "tasty cheeses" into tragedy, or the strong Hibernian expletives which, we take it, Professor Thompson has picked up in County Galway. The sparkle of Attic salt is obscured by the crawlers and creepers which he delights to let loose upon it, with as questionable taste as that which prompts him to match a maxim of Euripides about the inaccessibility of old men (138) with the coarse and uncalled-for Latin adage: "Incontinentes irae et urinae senes."

Nor is it only when the sentiment of the polished Attic drama is so rendered as to seem to court a laugh by alien facetiousness that we are inclined to resent unlicensed freedom. Sometimes, when Mr. Thompson is furthest from joking, and would be earnest and forcible, his turn for free translation drives him to the ridiculous. Who would suppose that such an inelegant and strange expression as

Old white-haired foot-i-the-graves between their teeth  
Grip gain, as drowning men would grip a plank—

was the best equivalent for two lines in the Creusa of Sophocles, a *propos* of the covetousness of age, or that the only warranty for "white-haired foot-i-the-graves" was οὐ μακρὸν βίον θνητῶν ἔχοντες. It seems as if Mr. Thompson justified the course of embellishing his English with any amount of extraneous matter—a process against which now, more than ever, those who reverence antiquity ought to protest. If the range of study is to be widened, if classical knowledge is to be imparted more perfunctorily than heretofore, if in time scholars are likely to be few, and pretenders so many as to defy detection, what is to prevent those who have "cheek" enough from quoting wise and witty maxims about "Bizzy" and "Policeman A," and "old white-haired foot-i-the-graves," and passing them as sterling Attic coin instead of Thompson's "Brummagem"?

In truth this practice is extremely disappointing. The book is pleasant and pretty enough, outside, and as regards half of the inside. We take it up in the drawing-room half an hour before dinner; and probably shy the Greek, as less in unison with our surroundings than the parallel English pages. Suppose we open at p. 161, and read,

Of autumn fruits when gathered,  
Half the precious sweet is gone,  
If upon the tree hath fed  
The Wasp, Anticipation.

"Ah!" we say, "did Sophocles say so?" To a very imaginative mind he may have said something to suggest it; only there is nothing in the original (*Antig.* 392-3) about "fruits" or "trees," "wasps" or "sweets." Open again at p. 189, and, lo, we fancy we have found classical authority for the old legend about the "maggies"! O rare *Sales Attici*! Here is something to communicate to *Notes and Queries*:—

One lonely magpie, if he pass us by,  
Of death forebodes, so fools declare:  
A chattering twain bespeak a marriage night,  
And three presage a coming son and heir.

But wait a minute! Where is the Greek? Here it is from the *Helena*:—

ἐλθέεις γὰρ τοι  
τὸ καὶ δοκίμ' ὄρνις ἀφ' αἰλῶν βροτοῦς.

And so it goes on. Wherever we dip we stumble upon like samples of free translation, and discover at last that all is not dramatic gold which is seen in Thompsonian glitter, any more than the

Greek line *θυῖας δὲ τὰς Ἀργεῖας ἀνθρωποκτόνους*, in p. 201, is provided with an equivalent in the couplet,

The virgin Goddess of the Moon  
Plied cannibal knife and fork and spoon (!)

It may indeed be said that educated men will know what the maxims of the Tragic are, and will not object to have them dressed with *sauce piquante*. But really in this instance the dressing is so thorough a disguising as to remind us of the bet between two gourmands as to the foundation of some made-dish, which proved to be an old pair of kid gloves. No one would suspect *Æschylus* or *Sophocles* in many of Mr. Thompson's dishes up of *Sales Attici*. The fragments of the dramatists are very little read, and, as being particularly rich in proverb and adage, deserve a juster and more reverent handling. Two things might have been done—one to give the Greek with good English parallels, a closer approach to the mind of the original than most paraphrases, as a comparison of Mr. Boyes with Mr. Thompson will prove; the other, to confine all English matter to the closest literal prose or poetic versions. In the case of verse, closeness, or even tameness, would be forgiven for truth's sake, and because the object is to display the wit and wisdom of the Greek, not the English. Where Mr. Thompson has thus hugged the shore of the Greek, he satisfies us; where, on the contrary, he puts out into a sea of his own seeking, he often comes as nigh shipwreck as is possible, although in his self-reliance he seems little aware of it. It is all very well with him when he contents himself with giving us such acceptable parallels as Shakespeare for *Æschylus* (32),

τὸ μὲρσμον τοι τὸν ἴ' ἐλεύθερον μένει,  
καὶ τὸν πρὸς ἄλλης δεσποτοῦμενον χερὸς.

Golden lads and lasses must  
Like chimney-sweepers come to dust.

or such change for the Euripidean line (724, p. 398),

τίκτονι γέγοντι πρακτίον' εὐλουργικά,

Ne sutor ultra crepidam.

And it would be injustice not to add that there may be a hundred or more equally true and close parallels up and down the volume. When, too, Mr. Thompson chooses to be close, he can show how much more adage-like a literal translation is. What is closer than this from *Ed. T.* 961?—*σημὰ παλαιὰ σώμα' ἐνδύει ποτὶ*.

A breath, a puff, will lay old bones to rest.

O si sic omnia! As unfortunately it is not so, we should recommend classical readers to put a piece of white paper over the English page, while translating the Greek, as was the old school-fashion with Ellis's Exercises.

#### THE NATURALIST IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.\*

BRITISH COLUMBIA is neither a very interesting nor a very agreeable country. The winters are long and bitterly cold, and the snow lies deep for six months out of the twelve. The natives subsist principally on fish, and are stunted in growth, and inferior in type to the meat-eating Indians of Oregon. Their numbers are estimated at present at 30,000; but they are steadily decreasing, and retiring before the advance of the white man. There is nothing very remarkable about the scenery; there is but little big game to attract the sportsman. The shortest sketch of the country and its inhabitants would be sufficient to satisfy our curiosity; and we are therefore very glad that Mr. Lord, a painstaking and zealous naturalist, has almost entirely confined himself to the special subjects for the sake of which he joined the Boundary Commission, and has thereby furnished us with two volumes at once amusing and instructive. Perhaps the most remarkable fact in the natural history of British Columbia is the extraordinary abundance of fish generally, and of salmon particularly. It is no exaggeration to say that salmon swarm in such numbers that the rivers cannot hold them. In June and July every brook, every rivulet, no matter how shallow, is so crammed with salmon that from sheer want of room they push one another high-and-dry upon the pebbles. "Each, with its head up-stream, struggled, fought, and scuffled for precedence. With one's hands only, or more easily by employing a gaff or a crook-stick, tons of salmon could have been procured by the simple process of hooking them out." Once started on their journey, the salmon never turn back. As fast as those in front die, fresh arrivals crowd on to take their places and share their fate. "It was a strange and novel sight to see three moving lines of fish—the dead and dying in the eddies and slackwater along the banks, the living, breasting the current in the centre, blindly pressing on to perish like their kindred." For two months this great salmon army proceeds on its way up stream, furnishing a supply of food without which the Indians must perish miserably. The winters are too severe for them to venture out in search of food, even if there was any to be obtained; from being destitute of salt, they are unable to cure meat in the summer for winter provisions, and hence for six months in the year they depend on the salmon, which they obtain in such vast numbers in June and July, and preserve by drying in the sun. There is little doubt that an important and profitable trade might be developed on the Fraser and Columbia

\* *The Naturalist in Vancouver Island and British Columbia.* By John Keast Lord, F.Z.S., Naturalist to the British North American Boundary Commission. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley.

rivers if salmon in large numbers were salted and cured for European consumption. Providence has favoured the Indian with another source of provision for the winter, fully as important as the salmon. The candle fish supplies him at once with light, butter, and oil. When dried and perforated with a rush, or strip of cypress bark, it can be lighted, and burns steadily until consumed. Strung up and hung for a time in the smoke of a wood fire, it is preserved as a fatty morsel to warm him when pinched with cold; and by heat and pressure it is easily converted into liquid oil, and drunk with avidity. That nothing may be wanting, the hollow stalk of the sea wrack, which at the root end is expanded into a complete flask, makes an admirable quart bottle—without any false bottom, moreover—and so, when the Indian buries himself for long dreary months in his winter quarters, neither his larder nor his cellar are empty, and he has a lamp to lighten the darkness. The steamers have frightened away both the candle fish and the Indian from their old haunts, and they have both retreated to the north of the Columbia river. Amongst other inhabitants of the salt and fresh waters of these regions, we may notice the halibut and the sturgeon, both of which attain to an immense size. The bays and inlets along the coast abound in marine wonders. There feasts and fattens the clam, a bivalve so gigantic that no oyster knife can force an entrance, and only when his shell is almost red hot will he be at last constrained to open the doors of his dwelling. And there lies in wait the awful octopus, a monster of insatiable voracity, of untameable ferocity, of consummate craft, of sleepless vigilance, shrouded amid the forest of sea-wrack, and from the touch of whose terrible arms no living thing escapes. It attains to an enormous size in those seas, the arms being sometimes five feet in length, and as thick at the base as a man's wrist. No bather would have a chance if once he got within the grasp of such a monster, nor could a canoe resist the strength of its pull; but the Indian, who devours the octopus with great relish, has all the cunning created by necessity, and takes care that none of the eight sucker-dotted arms ever gain a hold on his frail bark.

In glancing at the insects of British Columbia we must take especial notice of the mosquitos. These extraordinary pests, which flourish equally in the coldest and in the hottest climates, appear to attain to their greatest perfection in the regions between the Columbia and Fraser rivers. Mr. Lord, who has been well bitten by them in every quarter of the globe, must be admitted to be an impartial judge, and therefore we will give his verdict:—

If you have never been in British Columbia you do not know anything about insect persecution. . . . A wanderer from my boyhood, I have met with these pests (mosquitos) in various parts of our globe . . . and I imagined that I had endured the maximum of misery they were capable of producing. I was mistaken; all my experience, all my vaunted knowledge of their numbers, all I had seen and suffered, was as nothing to what I subsequently endured. . . . I can convey no idea of the numbers, except by saying they were in dense clouds, truly, and not figuratively, a thick fog of mosquitos. Night or day it was just the same; the hum of these blood-thirsty tyrants was incessant. We ate them, drank them, breathed them; . . . we lighted huge fires, fumigated the tents, but all in vain. They seemed to be quite happy in a smoke that would stifle anything mortal, and they grew thicker every day. Human endurance has its limits. A man cannot stand being eaten alive. It was utterly impossible to work . . . our camp had to be abandoned; we were completely vanquished and driven away—the work of about a hundred men stopped by tiny flies.

Only one thing deters mosquitos; that is water. After once attaining the winged state they will not venture far over water. The Indians take advantage of this, and during the mosquito season live on the lakes, and sleep on platforms supported on poles driven into the mud. But if restless or troubled with nightmare, the sleeper is apt to roll off the platform into the lake. When there are no mosquitos there are equally unpleasant visitors in the shape of sand-flies and breeze-flies. Which of these two torturers is the worst it is difficult to say, but in each case the lady-fly is the persecutor, her lord living in comparative indolence. The mouth of the lady sand-fly is not a lovable one, being a bundle of fearful lancets, the sheath of which forms a tube through which the blood is sucked. Blood flows from every puncture made by these insects, and an idea of their voracity may be gleaned from the fact that one of Mr. Lord's best mules was killed by them in less than three hours. In two respects they are preferable to mosquitos, for they object to smoke, and at night they take a few hours' repose. Mosquitos never sleep. The breeze-fly is, on the whole, rather worse than the sand-fly, being nearly ubiquitous and of great power:—

One barely hears the sound of its clarion shrill and hum of its quickly vibrating wings, ere one feels a sharp prick, as though a red-hot needle had been thrust into the flesh; stab follows stab in quick succession, and unless active measures of defence be resorted to, the skin speedily assumes the form of a sieve.

Like the mosquito, the breeze-fly is averse to water, and deer and wild cattle escape from them by plunging into the lakes, and immersing their whole bodies, nothing being visible but a forest of horns, and the tips of their noses, kept above water for the purpose of breathing.

There is one insect whose presence makes some amends for the assaults of these miserable bloodsuckers, and to the charms of whose music Mr. Lord pays ample homage. It has been a fashion to scoff at the Greeks for celebrating in deathless verse the song of so trumpery an insect as the cicada, and to assert that their love for such slender music must have been either exaggerated or simulated. The Greeks, however, were never untrue to nature, and it is pleasant to hear how in these latter

days an independent observer in the other hemisphere confirms their testimony:—

There was one sound—song, perhaps, I may venture to call it—that was clearer, shriller, and more singularly tuneful than any other. It never appeared to cease, and it came from everywhere—from the tops of the trees, from the trembling leaves of the cottonwood, from the stunted underbrush, from the flowers, the grass, the rocks and boulders, nay, the very stream itself seemed vocal with hidden minstrels, all chanting the same refrain.

An especial feature of the cicada's song is that it increases in intensity when the sun is hottest, and, indeed, one of the later Latin poets mentions the time when its music is at its highest as an alternative expression for noon. Mr. Tennyson, with singular inadvertence, speaks in *Enone* of the grasshopper being silent in the grass and of the cicada sleeping when the noonday quiet holds the hill. Without going back to the fountain-head, he might have remembered Keats's lines:—

When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,  
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run  
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead:  
That is the grasshopper's.

But the smallest reference to the Greek poets would have shown how intimately the song of the cicada is associated with the hottest hours of the day. He is called by Aristophanes ἡλιόμανης—mad for love of the sun; and by Theocritus αἰθαλίαν—scorched by the sun. When all things are parched with heat, says Alcæus, then from among the leaves sounds the song of the sweet cicada. His shrill melody is heard in the full glow of noontide, and the vertical rays of a torrid sun fire him to sing. Over and over again we meet with allusions to the same peculiarity. Lastly, we may mention that cicadae are regularly sold for food in the markets of South America. They are not eaten now, as, according to Athenæus, they were eaten at Athens, ἀναστομώσας χάριν—as a whet to the appetite—but they are dried in the sun, powdered, and made into a cake.

The snakes in British Columbia are few in number, and comparatively harmless from the severity of the climate. Rattlesnakes swarm on the slopes of the Rocky Mountains, but they are inert, and very different from their formidable brethren in Central America. Mr. Lord never saw one attempt to spring at a man, a horse, or even a dog; and though he was in the habit of teasing and poking them with twigs, he never succeeded in provoking them to an attack. Possibly failure in this case was more fortunate than success. The rattle is used medicinally in the same way as ergot of rye, and is in great demand by the Indian women. As to birds, it is noticeable that the owl is as much an object of superstitious fear as in other parts of the world. The barking crow possesses the most remarkable polyphonic powers. It can shriek, laugh, yell, shout, whistle, scream, and bark, and it is peculiarly jealous of any more musical songster occupying attention, and is sure to resent the injury by an immediate intrusion of its own husky voice. Magpies abound, and their thievish and even murderous propensities seem developed to the utmost. They are a sore plague to the traveller, for if any of his horses or mules have the least abrasion of the skin, the magpies are sure to find it out, and swoop down, and with beak and claw tear away at the wound. Nor, if turned out to graze by himself, would the animal stand the slightest chance against his persecutors.

We have left the quadrupeds to the last, because large four-footed game is comparatively scarce, and the smaller animals are of no particular importance. The true Indian dog is nothing more than a tamed or partially tamed coyote, or prairie wolf; but there is a peculiar breed of white long-haired dogs that appears to have been imported from Japan; and Mr. Lord is satisfied, from this and other circumstances, that the Japanese visited the coast of North-Western America long prior to any other people. Traditions exist among the Indians of strangers having come amongst them long before they had seen Europeans; and, in addition, Mr. Lord detected words of indisputable Japanese origin in the dialects spoken by some of the coast tribes. The Columbian skunk is as perfect an example of its species as the Columbian mosquito. It is a social, agreeable little animal, but slightly unsavoury:—

Mix the very worst mud from the Thames on a summer's day, at low water, with Rimmel's shop, a gasworks, fellmonger's yard, and knacker's boiling furnace; and I will venture to assert that the odour produced, even if concentrated by the subtle power of chemistry, would be a mild and pleasant perfume, when matched against that of the skunk. . . . A handkerchief odourised with scent so permanent would defy the combined powers of soap, soda, and washerwoman to remove the mephitic bouquet, as long as the fabric retained its entirety.

The virtue of skunk perfume consists in its permanence. Once acquired it is never lost. Whatever a skunk has touched remains skunky to the end of time. Gloves, trap, trousers, anything that has come in contact with the *Mephitis mephitis*, may be buried deep in the earth for weeks, but when exhumed, the odour is as fresh as ever. Mr. Lord had a setter addicted to the killing of skunks, but for weeks after an encounter he could not bear him to come into his presence; "the sickening factor seemed to gain in strength as it exhaled from the dog, volatilized by the heat of his body." Skunks have an amiable weakness for warm clothing; and if comfortably covered up in rugs and furs, a sleeper may very likely be favoured in the night with a visit from two or three, who will run across his bed, and, unlike more ethereal visitants, will leave a decided trace behind. An attempt to escape from the skunk might leave the fugitive a prey to the



mosquitos. The alternative is not agreeable, but it is one which is likely enough to present itself to any traveller in British Columbia.

#### POOLEY'S GLOUCESTERSHIRE CROSSES.\*

OUR first impression, on looking through this thin but handsome volume, was what a happy thing it was for an inquirer into ancient crosses to have his lot cast in Gloucestershire and not in Ireland. No one, if he had ever so good a will, could write such nonsense about Gloucestershire crosses as Mr. Keane wrote about Irish crosses. No one could possibly attribute the Amney or the Iron Acton cross to the Cuthites. And yet perhaps we should not be quite certain. There is no knowing what a zealous man may not do when he tries hard. Since we reviewed Mr. Keane, we have casually come across an author, whose name we have ungratefully forgotten, who asserted a special connexion between Spain and Macedonia. Let no one think that the proof rested on any such flimsy arguments as there being rivers in both countries. One argument was perhaps within the range of ordinary capacities; each country had Kings of the name of Philip. But another, we feel certain, must have been absolutely original and unique; it could not have occurred to any human creature before or since the one who put it in his book. This was no other than that the name of Macedonia admirably expressed the warlike and gallant character of the Spaniards or *Dons*, being derived from *μαχη* and *δων* (the words, if we remember right, being left without accents). We think this beats Mr. Keane himself; certainly nobody in Gloucestershire can come within many parasangs of it. Still Gloucestershire is not altogether barren ground in this way. Gloucestershire, it should not be forgotten, contains Mr. Lysons, the prophet of the great dogma that Englishmen are Welshmen, and that Welshmen are Jews. Now, on any principle but that of the Buddhists, it is better to be a Jew than to be a Cuthite, because the Jews at least existed and still exist, while we cannot say that we feel at all certain that there ever were any Cuthites at all. In Gloucestershire, then, under the guidance of Mr. Lysons, they draw the line at Jews, and Mr. Pooley quite gravely accepts the possibility that the "etymon" of Ashelworth may be *עש*—Mr. Pooley's Hebrew is without points, as our other friend's Greek was without accents—"a grove or sacred place." To be sure we cannot find the word *עש* in Gesenius in any sense but that of a tamarisk-tree, but most likely that does not matter. As far as we can make out from Mr. Pooley, the Gloucestershire Jews who colonized Ashelworth were Pagans, and were converted by Saint Augustine at the rate of 10,000 a day and baptized in the river Swale. To be sure we had always thought that the place of that great baptism had been in Yorkshire, and that the baptist was Paulinus, and not Augustine, but most likely that does not matter either. Saint Augustine of Canterbury, it seems, got confounded with Saint Augustine of Hippo, and the cross of Ashelworth, a parish belonging to the Abbey of Saint Augustine at Bristol, was adorned, by mistake, with sculpture representing the wrong Augustine. The first Primate of England is carved, so Mr. Pooley tells us, with "the incarnation of Paganism, symbolized by a figure kneeling and supplicating at his feet." To our carnal eyes, whoever the saint is, the figure at his feet is offering him an apple—it might be the *Reichsapfel* offered to Earl Richard of Cornwall, or anything else anybody pleases. And, after all, why should it not be the right Augustine with the incarnation of heresy at his feet?

Mr. Pooley, however, though he has let his blind guide lead him somewhat out of his depth, has put together a very straightforward account of the ancient crosses of Gloucestershire, very well illustrated and altogether well got up. And, as long as he keeps to his crosses, he is sensible enough. Only ever and anon he gets into a fit of speculation, and helps us to the sort of thing of which we have just given a specimen.

One thing strikes us in looking through a collection of mediæval crosses—namely, that it is only by courtesy that a large class of them deserve to be called crosses at all. The elder crosses, in Ireland or anywhere else, are really crosses; the cross form is predominant in them. But in a great number of the mediæval crosses, the cross is not the thing itself, it is merely the finish to what is often a very beautiful piece of architecture below. It is hardly more than the cross on a gable, or than the weathercock on a spire. Of course this remark is truer of some crosses than of others, and the larger and finer the cross the truer it is. In the simple village cross, consisting of a mere shaft and base, the dominant position is still retained, if not by the actual cross, at any rate by the group representing the crucifixion which crowns the whole. But in the larger crosses, the Eleanor crosses, or such market crosses as we see in one form at Winchester and in a very different one at Malmesbury, such as the crosses which Mr. Pooley describes both at Bristol and at Gloucester, the actual cross is really nothing more than a finish to an architectural composition. At Malmesbury especially, and in the smaller one of the same type at Cheddar, the market cross is really the market-house, a covered space capable of containing a good many people. The cross can here never have been much more than a finish, hardly more than when it crowns a gable.

\* Notes on the Old Crosses of Gloucestershire. By Charles Pooley, F.S.A. London: Longmans & Co. 1868.

We need not say that a large majority of the crosses in Gloucestershire, as everywhere else, have been destroyed or mutilated. In many cases only the stump or socket is left. And, even where the shaft is left, it is very seldom that the cross itself has been spared. Sometimes it has been found in later times, hidden in some corner or built up into some other building. It is more curious to find that several crosses, chiefly those in large towns, have been translated bodily to places with which they had nothing to do. The history of the High Cross, the "Alta Crux," of Bristol, is curious enough. Built in 1373 on the site of an older one, it was adorned with statues of John, Henry the Third, and the reigning King Edward the Third. John, be it observed, had, doubtless not without valuable consideration, granted various privileges to Bristol, as to many other towns. Edward the Fourth was afterwards added. In 1633 the structure was repaired, raised, and received four new sovereigns, Henry the Sixth, Elizabeth, and the reigning King and his father. Charles the First's services to the city are thus described. "He granted a new charter, and sold the castle and its dependencies to the city, which, to the great annoyance of the inhabitants, was before out of the Mayor's jurisdiction." We suppose that it is the castle and its dependencies which were out of the Mayor's jurisdiction, though, according to the rules of grammar, it would seem to be the city itself. We do not hear what happened to the cross in the Civil Wars. It had a better chance of escape than most of its fellows, as, at the very moment when most destruction was done in that way, Bristol was held for the King. In 1697 it was again "repainted and gilded, and that in such a costly manner that no cross in the Kingdom is said to have exceeded it." All this time it had stood in its natural place in the middle of the city. But in 1733 a silversmith, living hard by, was "frightened lest the cross should fall and crush him." It was therefore taken down and "thrown by in the Guildhall as a thing of no value"—a process of "throwing by" which we do not quite understand when applied to a stone structure 39 feet 6 inches high. At some time between 1733 and 1763, it was moved from civic to ecclesiastical ground, and "with the approbation of the Dean and Chapter re-erected in the centre of College Green, a spot consecrated by the labours of Jordan, a co-missionary of S. Augustine, who there first preached Christianity to the Anglo-Saxons more than a thousand years before." On this last head, as we cannot find anything in Bæda about anybody preaching on College Green (unless it is there that Mr. Pooley places the conference between Augustine and the Welsh Bishops), it would have been only kind to give us a reference. Well, in 1763, "it was again pulled down, on this occasion because it was considered an obstruction to the promenade, and deposited in a corner of the Cathedral." Again, we must remark that the deposition of so large an object in a corner of so small a Cathedral as that of Bristol must have been a serious obstruction to something or other. At last, in 1766, it was rebuilt again in Sir R. C. Hoare's grounds at Stourhead, and in 1851 the good people of Bristol built themselves a new cross.

Gloucester was less lucky than Bristol. A singularly fine cross, more of the pattern of the Eleanor crosses, and probably of about the same date, had received a most queer upper stage, and lastly, in 1749, it was not translated, but altogether destroyed. The High Cross of Cirencester, called "Nova Crux" in 1415, was much smaller, a mere shaft on a base, and only about half the height of that of Bristol. In 1785 it was translated to a spot in Earl Bathurst's park, adjoining the town, and afterwards moved thence to another site within the same precinct.

Mr. Pooley himself was lucky enough to find the head of a very fine cross of the smaller sort at Amney Crucis or Holy Rood, which, as gathered from his account, has been taken back to its place on the shaft still remaining in the church-yard. Here, however, he has unluckily got into speculations about Roods and Crosses which are rather beyond his depth:—

Rudder is of opinion that the parish is called Holy-Rood "on account of a large Cross" erected there; and because our Saxon ancestors called the Cross halig robe. And Sir Robert Atkyns says it is derived from the Holy-Rood in the church, and to distinguish it from other parishes. Most of the Roods were pulled down in the churches before Elizabeth's accession to the throne, so that none probably remained in the church at Amney when Sir Robert Atkyns wrote—a hundred and fifty years afterwards. Rudder's reason for the parish being called Holy-Rood is founded on the supposition that the Cross and Holy-Rood are synonymous. The latter, however, is such a particular and recognised form of the ordinary representation of the Crucifix that it may be said to constitute a distinction between them.

And so on, with a great deal more about Roods and Crosses, which is not very much to the purpose. Surely Amney Holy Cross, like Waltham Holy Cross, is simply distinguished from Amney Saint Mary and Amney Saint Peter by the dedication of the church, a thought which does not seem to have struck Atkyns, Rudder, or Pooley. If what they mean is to ask why Amney, or any other church, was so dedicated, we can only say that we know the reason at Waltham, and that we do not know the reason at Amney. We must explain also that Robert Fitz-Hamon, the second founder of Tewkesbury Abbey, was not the son of "Herman" anybody, but, as his name implies, son or grandson of the famous Hamo Dentatus or Dar-as-dens, who died at Val-ès-dunes. "To give some idea who this Robert Fitz-Hamon was," Mr. Pooley asks to "be permitted to quote an abstract from the quaint old Chronicle"; but there are many quaint old Chronicles, and he does not tell us from which of them it is that he quotes his abstract.

We cannot quite follow Mr. Pooley in his translation of the bits

of Latin and French at Maisemore, but it is some comfort that he translates "comenza" by "began" :—

A curious Cross once stood on old Maisemore bridge. It bore the following bilingual inscription :—

"In honore D'ni nri Ihu Cristi qui nobis crucifixus erat."

And underneath, in old Norman French :—

"Ceosie Croz fist Willm fiz Anketill de Lilton, et ciseoli Willm fiz Anketill comenza de pont de Mazemore."

Which, being interpreted, reads thus : "For the honour of our Lord Jesus Christ, who was crucified for us, William the son of Anketill began the bridge of Maisemore."

At Iron Acton, where there is a very fine cross, Mr. Pooley gets into another unlucky speculation :—

It is said to owe its name to a bed of iron ore, worked from time immemorial, in the neighbourhood ; and to a forest of oaks which flourished on the same spot—Æc : Sax., signifying an oak tree. Instead of this derivation, it is not improbable the manor took its title from the family of the Actons or Actunes, into whose possession it came soon after the Norman Conquest.

One would have thought that no one could have doubted that Iron Acton was the Acton distinguished from other Actons by the presence of iron, and that John of Acton was—John of Acton, and not somebody else. Actun appears in Domesday 165, 170. It was held T.R.E. by Harold the man of "Eluui (Elfwig) hiles." What "hiles" may be we should like some one to tell us. Here we have a third Harold, quite distinct either from the great Earl or from Harold the son of Ralph.

At Clearwell and Aylburton, among crosses belonging to the early part of the fourteenth century, Mr. Pooley gets into an architectural speculation which is quite beyond us :—

Ecclesiastical architecture had at this date already undergone a transition, the semicircular having given place to the pointed arch, but the art had not yet attained to that more perfect or florid development of decoration found in works of a later date. And thus it is, that while in one of these (Clearwell) the attempt is made to follow the rule of early Gothic throughout, the span of the arches being supported by well-proportioned angle shafts, with caps and bases, the spandrels carved, the arches trefoil-headed with double cusplings, and the mouldings in unison with the style ; in Aylburton there is a capriciousness in the style, a union of the Classical with the Christian : the vigorous, deep, horizontal mouldings contrasting strongly with the timidly executed featherings of the Gothic arch, and blank spandrels, while the buttments and facing of the work are of Doric simplicity. And may not this discrepancy even point to different architects : Aylburton, representing that mixed style, the product possibly of an Italian artist, who, familiar enough with the classic forms of his own country, was not so confident in his knowledge of Gothic lines as to permit him to do more than make an effort to imitate in the arch the leading features of its construction ; and Clearwell, illustrating the work of a more accomplished hand, one acquainted with the theory and practical development of early Gothic ; for be it remembered, at this period, and long before, it was the custom to bring over foreign architects, or *master masons*, as they were termed, as well as workmen, and these people were much employed in the service of the Church ?

Lastly, we are told that at Condicote the cross covers a well, and on the north face of the base is this legend :—

"This Well is Reserved for the  
Domestic Purposes of the Inhabitants of this Parish,  
For all other Uses recourse to the  
Pump and Trough is respectfully suggested.  
See Resolution of Vestry,  
March 16, 1865."

On another side we read,

"Ho, every one that Thirsteth,  
Come ye to the Waters."

Yet we infer that if a stranger or pilgrim wished, as men did in the days of Abraham, of Eadwine, and in our own times, to drink of the well, seeing that such drinking cannot come under the head of "the domestic purposes of the inhabitants of this parish," the Circe of Condicote, in the form of the resolution of vestry, would at once send the poor wayfaring man to the trough. To be sure it is only a respectful suggestion, but surely in this case a respectful suggestion carries as much weight as those respectful suggestions which accompany the *congé d'élire* to a Dean and Chapter. We distinctly prefer the more hospitable use of Sprotburgh, where the old rhyme promises all kinds of good things both to man and beast.

#### FROM ROME TO MENTANA.\*

THE authoress of this sprightly little volume apparently feels that even an unprotected female must draw the line somewhere, and she draws it at putting her name to her book. She possessed sufficient presence of mind and intrepidity to make way for herself, two inexperienced lady friends, and a travelled but opinionated lady's-maid, from Florence to Rome, at the very moment of the outbreak of the short Garibaldian war in October last. She disregarded all friendly dissuasion, and all prudent prophecies of "fire, rapine, murder, and starvation" as the probable results of a gratuitous excursion into the fated territory of the Holy See ; and the event justified her, as it is proverbially apt to justify foolish young persons whom the caution of elderly experience advises in vain. By a profuse utterance of *Viva Italia* on the Tuscan side of the frontier, a reticent self-control before Papal authorities, and a free reliance upon the character of an Englishwoman as impervious to ordinary feminine alarms, she

carried her fair troop in triumph to an almost beleaguered apartment in the Piazza di Spagna a few hours after the explosion at the Sistori barracks, and while Rome was still trembling with suppressed excitement under the presence of Garibaldi at Monte Rotondo. On the day of the combat at Mentana, our authoress made a sally from Rome across the Ponte Nomentana, heard the cannonade, wandered forward as near to it as the polite French officers of Du Failly's rearguard would allow her, putting by every hint of danger with the infallible *Je suis Anglaise*, and drove back to the city in the dusk, feeding her imagination on the glimpses she had caught of the realities of war. Next day she saw the column of prisoners marched into Rome amid the silence of the crowd and "nasty smiles" on the faces of the monks and priests ; and again, on the next, she drove out with all fashionable Rome to see the field of battle, on which the burying-parties were still searching for the bodies of its victims. The first visible traces of the action that presented themselves to gratify her curiosity were the broken cardboard boxes from which the Chassepot cartridges that had ruled the fate of the day had been served out to the French soldiery. She soon came upon two or three Garibaldian skirmishers lying dead as they had fallen in the grass ; and, further on, plunged into the usual notes of a desperate hand-to-hand struggle—trampled vines, the soil beaten hard, broken muskets, and bits of dress lying all about, "red rags torn from wounds before the body had been buried," and dark red patches on the clay. Where the fighting had been hardest, our *Anglaise* gathered "a tiny blue flower, its stalk splashed from the dreary pool around it." It is satisfactory to learn that at one point of this entertainment she "turned sick and ill, and was only thankful she had not gone the day before," when the field would have been strewn more thickly with the unburied dead. But this momentary delicacy of nerve did not prevent her from completing the "doing" of her Mentana and Monte Rotondo most thoroughly. Before the end of the day, she had visited the plundered Duomo of the town, laughed in her sleeve at the wreck which Garibaldi's followers had made of the Madonna in robes and crinolines, and turned over the *débris* of cut-up vestments and altar trimmings "with a woman's interest, in hopes of discovering some old lace" which the priests might have been thankful to part with for a consideration—"but no ! it was all crochet and cotton." She further improved the shining hour by supporting the character of Gregory's "Non Angla sed Angela," or a "face of light" from England, in an interview with an admiring old Roman matron of eighty-six, mother of the vicar of Monte Rotondo, who appears to have fallen equally in love at first sight with our countrywoman's bright face and her sealskin coat. She wound up the day by an interesting interview with a surgeon of the Antibes Legion, who had seen the hottest of the engagement, and told her that Garibaldi's men had literally fought like lions, tearing the Zouaves with their teeth while wrenching the weapons from their hands. Yet the nerve that could face the strange horrors of a scene of needless massacre, and jot down all its notable points with the clear and light touch of a practised war-correspondent, is unable to face the critics or the reading public, except behind the screen of anonymity. The writer of this little work (says her friendly editor) "being a lady, desires for very natural and obvious reasons to preserve her incognito." *Spectatum venit*, as the old Latin grammar says ; she went to see all that could possibly be seen, and speaks most frankly of all that she saw ; but it was not *spectetur ut ipsa*, for the world at large is, "for natural and obvious reasons," forbidden to inquire under whose lucid and lively guidance it is travelling from Rome to Mentana.

Apart from the question whether it is altogether desirable for young English ladies blessed with faces of light to wander over fresh battle-fields without any strong personal or benevolent motive to justify them in so doing ; or whether, having supped full of such romantic horrors, they had better describe what they have seen or digest it in silence—we are bound to praise this volume as well and pithily written, and as exhibiting considerable quickness of observation and descriptive power. It is hardly necessary to say that its authoress is a strong Italian, not to say a Garibaldian, partisan ; and she displays a praiseworthy energy in taking care that her side, though beaten by the Chassepot rifle, shall have its rights in public estimation. She traverses every allegation made by the *Osservatore Romano*, and other organs of the clerical party, to the effect that the followers of Garibaldi had committed rapine and brigandage wherever they went, and had spared neither youth, age, nor anything sacred, till the ruined population of every town they had held were glad to welcome the return of the Pope's troops as a heaven-sent deliverance. Before committing her credit to the contradiction of assertions which the plundered vestry and dilapidated Madonna of Monte Rotondo had disposed her to think might contain something of truth, she determined to visit the several reputed scenes of Liberal atrocity, and collect on the spot what evidence she could. Excursions to Albano and Genzano, Tivoli and Palestrina, satisfied her that the two nearer towns had neither experienced nor heard of the wild and bloody revolutions with which the Roman newspapers had credited them, inasmuch as Garibaldi's forces had never occupied them at all ; while in the two further ones, where strong bodies of his troops were posted for three or four days, every article supplied was paid for in cash, except forage for the horses, for which promissory notes were given in Garibaldi's name. These notes are carefully preserved by the holders, as likely to be at par

\* From Rome to Mentana. London : Saunders, Otley, & Co. 1868.



some day or other. No vestige or hint of outrage or licentious behaviour revealed itself to the English self-constituted commission of inquiry. Even the local priesthood allowed that the unwelcome invaders were all *buona gente*, or well-behaved people. It was undoubtedly true that they had seized the Government monies, said an old woman of Palestrina; "and why should they not, poor things? they had a right to it. Il Santo Padre would have taken that of Il Generale if he could have got it"—a *tu quoque* of free and easy political morality which may perhaps not be logically convincing, but the utterance of which abundantly shows that the invading *poverini* had done nothing which ran counter to the current of public opinion in the towns on which they had been quartered. The rapturous reception of the Pontifical forces, reported by the Roman newspapers as signalized by the waving of handkerchiefs and throwing of flowers, reduced itself on the testimony of trustworthy eyewitnesses to a welcome of stolid indifference. There had been no demonstrations of joy whatever; "the one went out and the other came in." It is not quite clear to us, however, that the visible liberal sympathy of an inquisitive English face of light may not have influenced the answers, although the lady would no doubt have abstained from any conscious leading of her witnesses.

The sacrilegious excesses at Monte Rotondo are alleged to have been committed by North Italians. One of the plunderers was shot in the Piazza there by Garibaldi's order; another was afterwards executed (we are puzzled to discover on whose complaint or by what authority) at Milan. The best regulated of armies and the justest of causes have seldom been free from individuals who were ready to disgrace them; and it would have been strange if a mere voluntary association, such as Garibaldi's adventurous column of invasion, had proved itself exceptionally exempt from peccadillo. If our Englishwoman's Roman informants are to be trusted, the owners of property within Rome itself ran far greater risk of spoliation at the hands of the Pope's paid defenders than from the Liberal volunteers. After Garibaldi had stormed Monte Rotondo, and before the French allies had appeared from Civita Vecchia, some of the Holy Father's gendarmes and carabinieri were overheard seriously discussing the propriety of sacking the city on their own account that night, by way of forestalling the Garibaldini, who would be the masters of it on the morrow. No doubt our fair countrywoman would, in practice, have maintained under all extremities the national standard of entire inaccessibility to fear; but we suspect that, at least for a few hours on the night of Saturday the 26th of October, she honestly thought that the prudent friends who had dissuaded her from gratuitously going to Rome were not over-prudent. Either she coquets as an authoress with the feelings which might have possessed her, or, as a woman, she did feel some momentary anxiety, if we may judge from her clear imaginations of that which did not come:—

We waited up till very late, all was quiet; we knew our faithful friend and the rest of the underservants were watching on the roof. The terrible silence was as deep and dread as ever, more terrible, perhaps, because no one knew what sound of horror might break it, the firing of deadly volleys, the cries of the stormers, or, far worse, the misery and confusion of internal fire and rapine. It seems now as if all this had been a fevered dream; but it was very real then, and certainly our hearts were lighter when Sunday morning dawned in peace and calm and quiet.

All that Sunday the Roman populace were thronging the streets, in open violation of the police regulation that not more than four persons should converse together, and calculating the probable hour of Garibaldi's triumphal entry. Some said he had halted for dinner six miles off the city; some, that he was close to Porta San Lorenzo; while the wiser know-nothings maintained that he was still at Monte Rotondo, and would not enter till dawn next day. If he had pushed on, he might, it seems, have won cheaply at least the temporary occupation of Rome. The Papal troops had not yet been recalled from the outlying garrison towns, and those in Rome, worn out with duty or dispirited with defeat, did not number a thousand men. It is admitted on all sides, among those then present, that no efficient resistance could have been made; and it seems hardly probable that Garibaldi's friends in the city should not have conveyed the information to him. Possibly at the critical moment a gleam of common sense may have whispered to the Quixotic patriot that a mere occupation of Rome, coupled with a second flight of the Pope, would not be victory after all, nor likely to lead to it. If a holocaust of Italian life was to be offered in the indefinite pursuit of the inexorable Roman idea, the massacre of a relatively unarmed crowd by the French Chassepots in the open field has been as economical, and perhaps as effective, a method of enlisting the deepest and most enduring national sympathy with the cause for which the dead of Mentana testified, as could well have been devised by the worst enemy of the French Imperial Protector or of the Holy See.

It is stated in this volume, as a notorious fact, that fifteen thousand Romans (five per cent. of the native city population) were last autumn in political exile. Common rumour may probably have exaggerated to some extent the number of disobedient children whose absence from home the Holy Father is obliged to enforce for the maintenance of domestic tranquillity. But, if the figure is not entirely mythical, such a state of things makes it more possible to understand the paradox of the absence of any serious insurrection or demonstration within the city, that might have justified to the world Garibaldi's action. Defenders of the temporal power are apt to point to the immobility of the

Roman population under a pressing invitation to revolt, as sufficient proof that Rome did not desire union with Italy. The question is undoubtedly one which morally should be settled by the wish of the Romans, not of the Italians. If the Romans are contented with the paternal despotism of the Sacred College, the lay liberalism of the heavily taxed free State which surrounds them has no right to compel their allegiance to united Italy; and irresponsible individuals had still smaller justification for gratuitous interference than the Italian Government might have had. But, for all who know from what classes and characters a despotic Government culls its political exiles when it is obliged to weed its city population so largely, the inanimate attitude of Rome *minus* its fifteen thousand of proscribed citizens proves no more its willing acquiescence in the present state of things, than the melting tenderness of a boned chicken served up for an invalid's dinner proves that the natural bird had neither power nor wish to run and fly.

#### SINK OR SWIM.\*

THIS novel has some very decided, though not very exalted, merits. Its faults are owing in a great measure to some of the conditions which spoil a great number of more pretentious works, and its merits are such as deserve some gratitude from its readers. To speak first of the faults—which is the easiest, if not the most grateful, task—it is evidently the work of a writer possessing neither wide experience nor cultivated taste. The style is apt to be slipshod, though not positively ungrammatical, and there is a good harvest of the blunders which generally accompany such a style. For example, it is painful to find quotations absurdly mangled; to hear of "climbing after the climbing wave," as though the wave were a fruit at the top of a tree; or to be told that trifles light as air are to the jealous "consummation strong." Neither is it a good omen when the page is sprinkled with unnecessary bits of French, not always of the most accurate kind, and leading to such singular compounds as "*flânering*"; or when, in some rather irrelevant assaults upon American habits, we discover the curious assumption that the stripes in the star-spangled banner have really some reference to slavery. These and other symptoms imply that the writer would have been all the better for a little more literary training, and in fact that, like many modern novelists, she is inclined to turn scraps of knowledge to account before she has thoroughly assimilated them. The weakness is, unfortunately, illustrated on a larger scale in the general design of the novel. It is one more illustration of the unfortunate results of the necessity of filling three volumes with matter enough for one. It is a profound mystery why this arbitrary regulation should have established itself in defiance of all common sense and of all reasonable theories of art. In novel-writing we do not require of necessity that the author should possess any remarkable genius. Poets, we are told, are not allowed to be only moderately good, but there is no reason why a person of very second-rate abilities should not write a very pleasing story. If it is free from affectation and tinsel, if it merely professes to be a faithful account of what the author has seen, or a modest expression of his natural sentiments, we may be very well content with second-rate work. Everybody, it is said, might write an interesting autobiography, if he would simply put down an accurate record of his personal history. Many people may write fictitious biographies possessing similar merits, if they could only be content to give us what they have, without trying to rival authors of a superior class. Now the unfortunate three-volume system tends to induce every writer to cast his or her performance in the same mould. Perhaps he has a simple story to tell, to which he is perfectly competent to do justice. The necessity of expanding it to the conventional length forces him to invent an intricate plot, to perplex it by purposeless complications, to introduce characters about whom he knows nothing, and generally to resort to every art of unscrupulous bookmaking. English novelists, as compared with French, suffer conspicuously from the effects of this miserable superstition. Doubtless they would, in any case, display the clumsiness of construction which is a characteristic national defect; but their natural awkwardness is increased tenfold by the absurd demand for filling a certain space by matter good, bad, or indifferent. The rule is as grotesque as would be a regulation that every picture must be of a certain size. It is useless to make any remonstrance against a system which has certainly not been imposed, and cannot be broken down, by critics; but we may occasionally, as in this instance, point out how much injury it does to works otherwise deserving of considerable praise. If the author of *Sink or Swim* could have tried a few short flights until she felt more command of her faculties, she might have written a really good story; as it is, she has written one which interests us at times, but which frequently flags and meanders through a series of very second-rate persons and incidents. Inexperienced writers are apt to find their plot rather too much for them, and to spoil excellence in details by want of proportion and skilful development of the whole; and this propensity is of course amazingly increased by the Procrustean system of spreading the story over a fixed number of pages.

\* *Sink or Swim*. A Novel. By the Author of "Recommended to Mercy." 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1868.

It is easy to trace this deleterious influence in *Sink or Swim*. The main story is simple, and, if not very new, gives good opportunity for the author's talents. It is a story of the post-nuptial class. A pretty and innocent girl is married to an excellent husband, of the rough substantial farmer type, who fails properly to understand her. They would, however, get on very well if it were not for a stern old mother-in-law and a too charming young aristocrat. The beautiful wife is bullied by the old lady whilst the husband is looking after his farm, and she is driven to console herself with rather questionable flirtations with the seductive gentleman. We need not explain how she is on the brink of forgetting her duties to her husband; how her husband comes very near to committing homicide from jealousy of his wife; how the mother-in-law all but produces irreparable mischief; nor how the fearful consequences which are on the point of ensuing are just averted at the critical moment. We all know what would become of such a plot in the hands of a French novelist; the end would be anything but edifying; there would certainly be a breach of the Seventh Commandment, and not improbably of the Sixth; there would be a chance of a suicide, and perhaps vice might get the better of virtue at the catastrophe. This would be very shocking to well regulated minds; but it must also be confessed that the story would probably be amusing, and that at least the interest would always be concentrated on the principal persons in the narrative. We should not be distracted by irrelevant actors introducing themselves, and insisting upon detaining our notice, and leading us off into various corollary reflections. The author of *Sink or Swim* is as inferior in art as she is superior in morality to the hypothetical Frenchman. Thus she bothers us with a whole family of persons in whose affairs we take very slight interest, although they are forcibly interpolated into the story. The young lover is provided with a mother and a set of brothers and sisters, in order to account, as it seems, for the unfortunate low tone of his morals. We are told at unnecessary length all the circumstances of his mother's marriage; and, by way of giving a still more thorough explanation of the demoralizing influences of his home, we are even introduced to his grandfather and grandmother. In order to point the moral still more effectually, the author descends to collateral branches, and shows the bad effects of the family training upon his brothers and sisters. There is an episode about a young curate falling in love with one of the latter, which has no bearing whatever upon the main action, and is completely uninteresting in itself. This mode of telling a story is certainly exhaustive, but rather tiresome. If, when a villain enters on the scene, we are to be told how he came to be a villain from being badly brought up, and how his parents came to bring him up badly, and how the same system of bringing up affected the characters of his relations, it is difficult to see where we are to stop. All human affairs are connected in some way by a long chain of causes and effects; every one of us now living is related to everybody else, if we will only go back to a common ancestor; and there is a boundless field for investigation open to every novelist who wishes to trace out how his Lovelace came to be an unprincipled libertine and his Clarissa to be the ornament of her sex. Three volumes, however, will only contain a limited quantity of information; and the misfortune is that the episodes thus introduced into *Sink or Swim* are quite enough to interrupt the chief narrative, whilst they have not space enough to be satisfactorily worked out. It would have been a considerable improvement to the book if all the relatives of Mr. Arthur Vavasour had been summarily dismissed from the world, and he had been left as a scamp at large. We should be quite content to assume that he was spoiled by a harsh and stupid mother, without any details about his grandfather, or his brother, or his sister's lover.

The labour thus saved might be devoted to clearing up another problem which exercises the author's mind a good deal, though it is not quite sufficiently solved. The heroine, whose character is really drawn with a good deal of feeling and delicacy, gets into some very awkward scrapes. She becomes much too familiar with the engaging Mr. Vavasour in the country. After he is married to another woman, she stays in London away from her husband, under false pretences; she accompanies Mr. Vavasour to dinners at Richmond, in visits to the theatre, and in various *tête-à-tête* rides, without seeing any of his family; she allows him to put his arm round her waist, to call her by her Christian name, to talk to her about her husband's want of sympathy, to say that he loves her, and cannot endure her absence, and even to make very intelligible proposals for elopement. We are required to believe—and of course we do believe, in deference to the omniscience of an author—that all this is done in sheer innocence and ignorance of evil, but we must confess that the belief is rather difficult. The author herself feels the perplexity, and labours very hard to convince us; her principal argument seems to be that people in the country are still so unsophisticated and virtuous that they cannot understand the insinuations of London sinners. Mrs. Beachem takes Mr. Vavasour's confidences as merely gratifying proofs of confidence, because she has been brought up in farm-houses, and does not know of the very existence of scandal or matrimonial irregularities. We should be happy to accept this excuse if we could believe it to be probable. We have no doubt that farmers and their wives may be blind to the refinements of London vice; but we fear that the rustic virtue which is unconscious that vice exists is, and perhaps always has been, an agreeable fiction. We should say that, in real life, Mrs. Beachem's

education would only have taught her the lesson, whatever may be its value, of calling vices by plainer names than fashionable society may employ, but would scarcely have left her in ignorance of their existence. If this improbability had been softened down with more skill, and the superfluous parts of the story resolutely excised, there would have remained a work of considerably more than average merit. Even as it is, we may say that the better part of the tale is well told, that the characters are described with a good deal of delicacy and truthfulness, and that, if the writer will take more trouble to arrange her next plot and to avoid superfluous matter, she may write a really good story.

## NOTICE.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-agent, on the day of publication.

The SATURDAY REVIEW is duly registered for transmission abroad.

Nearly all the back Numbers of the SATURDAY REVIEW may be obtained through any Bookseller, or of the Publisher, at the Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C., to whom all Communications relating to Advertisements should likewise be addressed.

Cloth Cases for Binding all the Volumes may be had at the Office, price 2s. each. Also, Reading Cases, price 2s. 6d. each.

## THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d. unstamped; or 7d. stamped.

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London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

**EASTER TUESDAY.—THE LAST BALLAD CONCERT** of the Season, at St. James's Hall, on Tuesday next, at Eight o'clock. Vocalists: Madlle. Liebart, Miss Poole, Madame Emmeline Cole, Miss Julia Derby, and Madame Kudekolorff; Mr. Vernon Kirby, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. Chaplin Henry, Harp, Mr. Apollonius. Pianoforte, Signor Tito Matti. The St. Cecilia Choral Society of Eighty Voices, under the direction of Mr. C. J. Hargitt. Conductor, Mr. J. L. Hutton. The Programme will include a Selection of Glees, Madrigals, Duets, &c., and the following Popular Songs: "The Minister's Boy," "The Wolf," "O for a Husband," "Wapping Old Stairs," "The Pilgrim of Love," "Tell me, my Heart," "The Dashing White Sergeant," "The Bailiff's Daughter of Ighiteon," "Come into the Garden, Maud," "Tom Bowling," &c. Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Tickets, 2s. and 1s.; to be had of Mr. Austin, St. James's Hall; Chappell & Co., New Bond Street; Kettil, Frowe, & Co., Chesapeake; and Boosey & Co., Holles Street.

**MUSICAL UNION.**—Lubeck, Auer, and Grützmacher will play April 21; Jacit, May 3; Popper, Violoncellist from Prague (debut), and Antoine Rubinstein, May 19. Members are requested to pay their SUBSCRIPTIONS and send in their Nominations before Easter, to Aschdown & Parry, 19 Hanover Square. Musical Amateurs distinguished in Art and Science, and being nominated, will receive Hon. Members' free admission. No Persons in future will be admitted without a Ticket.—Apply by Letter. J. ELLA, Director.

**THE FIFTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF PICTURES** by FRENCH and FLEMISH ARTISTS is NOW OPEN, at the Gallery, 120 Pall Mall.—Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

**NATIONAL PORTRAIT EXHIBITION** (Third and Concluding Series) of celebrated Persons who have died since 1800, and of others before that date. Exhibition Road, South Kensington, will be OPENED to the Public on Monday, April 13, 1868.—Admission on Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 1s. each person; on Tuesdays, 2s. 6d. Season Tickets, available also for the Private View (April 11), 5s. each, may be obtained at the South Kensington Museum. Open from 10 a.m. till 7 p.m.

By Order of the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education.  
**THE DOMES of the YOSEMITE, California.**—BIERSTADT'S last grand PICTURE is now ON VIEW for a short time at T. McLean's New Gallery, 7 Haymarket.—Admission, 1s.

**URGENT APPEAL.**  
**ORPHAN WORKING SCHOOL, Maitland Park, Haverstock Hill.**—Founded in 1758.

Patrons.  
**HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.**  
**THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.**  
Funds are greatly needed at the present time for this Charity (which provides for 400 Orphans) consequent upon the high price of Provisions, Clothing, &c. It is mainly dependent upon Voluntary Contributions for support. These are very earnestly solicited.

94 Orphans were admitted in 1867.  
30 Orphans elected in January.  
204 are now under the care of the Charity.  
2,100 have been already received.  
A Donation of £10 10s. and upwards constitutes a Governor for Life; 25 5s. a Life Subscriber; £1 1s. and upwards, an Annual Governor; 10s. 6d. a Subscriber.  
Office, 56 Ludgate Hill, E.C. JOSEPH SOUL, Secretary.



# NATIONAL EXHIBITION of WORKS of ART at LEEDS, 1868.

*Patrons.*  
The QUEEN.  
The EMPEROR of the FRENCH.  
The KING of PRUSSIA.  
The KING of the NETHERLANDS.  
The KING of the BELGIANS.  
H.R.H. the PRINCE of WALES.  
H.R.H. the DUKE of CAMBRIDGE.

This EXHIBITION, devoted to Fine and Ornamental Art, will be held in a Building intended for the NEW INFIRMARY, erected after the design of Mr. G. Gussner Scott, R.A., at a cost of £100,000. The grand features of the building are a Central Hall 150 feet by 65 feet, surrounded by Corridors, and Ten Galleries 125 feet by 25 feet each.

The proceeds of the Exhibition will be appropriated in certain proportions to the Infirmary Building Fund, to the completion of the Building in which the Local Schools of Science and Practical Art are to be carried on, and to the foundation of a permanent Gallery of Art in the town of Leeds.

The Works of Art lent to the Exhibition have been received from all parts of Great Britain and Ireland, including numerous contributions from Her Majesty the Queen and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. H.M. the King of the Belgians, and H.R.H. the Duke of Anhalt, are also liberal contributors to the Galleries.

The Works will be distributed as follows:

1. Three Galleries of OIL PAINTINGS by the OLD MASTERS, and a Collection of their Drawings and Sketches;
2. Two Galleries of OIL PAINTINGS of the ENGLISH SCHOOL, by Deceased and Living Artists;
3. A Gallery of OIL PAINTINGS by MODERN FOREIGN ARTISTS;
4. A Gallery of ENGLISH WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS;
5. A Gallery of PORTRAITS of DECEASED YORKSHIRE WORTHIES;
6. A Collection of MINIATURES;
7. A Gallery of ENGRAVINGS and ETCHINGS;
8. A MUSEUM of ORNAMENTAL ART, from the Earliest British Period to the close of the Eighteenth Century, including China, Glass, Metal Work, Tapestry, &c.;
9. AN ORIENTAL MUSEUM.

The EXHIBITION will be OPENED in the Name of HER MAJESTY the QUEEN, by H.R.H. the PRINCE of WALES, in the THIRD WEEK in MAY, and will CLOSE in OCTOBER.

ORCHESTRAL PERFORMANCES will take place Daily in the Central Hall.

*Musical Director.*—Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ.

There will be First and Second-Class Refreshment Rooms in the Building.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.

SEASON SUBSCRIPTIONS will be of Two Classes:

- FIRST CLASS.....Five Guineas.  
SECOND CLASS.....Two Guineas.

A Subscriber of Five Guineas will be entitled to a transferable Ticket for the Opening Ceremony and for other special occasions, not exceeding Four, reserved by the Committee at their discretion; also to a non-transferable Ticket available at all other times.

N.B.—Tickets admitting to special Ceremonies must be limited to the accommodation afforded by the Central Hall and Corridors, and cannot exceed 500 in number. They will be issued according to the priority in which subscribers' names are entered.

Seats will be provided for Ladies on the special occasions.

A Subscriber of Two Guineas will be entitled to a non-transferable Ticket available at all times, except on the Opening and other special days.

Every Subscriber of Five Guineas or Two Guineas will be entitled to purchase, for One Guinea each, Second-Class Season Tickets for his children under the age of Twenty-one, if residing with him.

SINGLE ADMISSIONS.

For the Four Days succeeding the Opening each Admission will be 5s., and for the remaining days in May 2s. 6d.

From June 1 the Admission on Wednesdays and Fridays will be 2s. 6d., and on other days 1s., until further notice.

A Register of Furnished Apartments is kept at the Offices for the convenience of Visitors from a distance.

Subscriptions for Season Tickets will be received on and after April 6, at the Exhibition Offices, by personal application between Ten and Four, or by Letter addressed to the Secretary. The Tickets must be paid for at the time of application, and they will be forwarded to the Subscribers from the Exhibition Offices.—By Order of the Executive Committee.

R. H. BRAITHWAITE, Secretary.

## ROYAL LITERARY FUND.—The SEVENTY-NINTH ANNIVERSARY DINNER will take place in the New Hall of the Freemasons' Tavern, on Wednesday, May 6.

The Right Hon. BENJAMIN DISRAELI, First Lord of the Treasury, in the Chair.

The Stewards will be announced in future advertisements.

4 Adelphi Terrace, W.C.

OCTAVIAN BLEWITT, Secretary.

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